SNATCHING THE DIPLOMATS RICHARD O'MARA

THE NATION

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CALIFORNIA'S CLUB MOVEMENT
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COMPUTER DATING: TRAP FOR THE LONELY
Linda Mason

'Deadlier Than Stone or Brick'
THE NONVIOLENT ABOLITIONISTS / CARL COHEN
THE CATONSVILLE NINE / RICHARD DRINNON

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LETTERS

unhappy author

New York City

Dear Sirs: I must correct several false and damaging impressions given by the presentation of my article on Ted Gold and the Weathermen in your issue of April 13.

In the first place, as you would have known had you asked, I am not an editor of *The New York Times Magazine*, nor have I been one since 1968. I am an independent writer, currently doing a book on the history of the Students for a Democratic Society, scheduled to be published by McCall's publishing division next spring. Because of this mis-identification, as I hardly need to point out to your readers, it is now going to be difficult for me to get certain people to cooperate in my research if they believe that I am connected with the *Times*, a paper which, with reason, they distrust.

Second, the article was, for mysterious reasons, cut in such a way as to eliminate several major points. Now I do not mind certain excisions made, say, for reasons of space—though it does seem odd that you then filled up that space with cartoons of Agnew and Daley, who are not mentioned in, and have nothing to do with, my article. But I do mind that among the ten sentences and paragraphs you excised were several in which I was making what I considered to be crucial political points. Allow me to restate a few of them in brief:

(1) My second paragraph originally made the point that Ted Gold, who I indicated was memorialized in instant graffiti, would probably have wanted it that way: "No one wants to die, but when he is finally prepared for it, or thinks he is, the only way to keep going is with the belief that history will keep his ideas—and in this case his revolution—alive." This courage, and the crucial belief in a real revolution that lies behind it, is important to make clear.

(2) Several references to the press and the media were unaccountably dropped, including one in which I indicated that many radicals believe that the media "are not only culpable as indispensable handmaidens of the American system and share a moral complicity in its ongoing violence, but are also—and therefore—incapable of producing a story without a disserving bias against those who would change" that system. I had not thought that *The Nation* would be afraid of stating this, but your decision to drop it suggests that *The Nation* itself is rather more culpable than I had supposed.

(3) I said originally, and I believe, that one of the reasons attention should be focused on Ted Gold is that "he may have been the first man to die in the second American Revolution." This belief is an essential one for explaining why I wrote the article in the first place, and it is surely not too difficult a notion for the readers of your magazine to accommodate.

(4) I originally pointed out that many of the Weathermen were from schools such as Columbia, Harvard and Chicago where "violent tactics had considerable success and where they themselves had become radicalized through confrontation." I've no idea why this was omitted, since it does seem to me of some value in understanding the Weathermen's subsequent actions.

Finally, I want to make clear what is for me a bitter irony. I was originally assigned to do this article for *The New York Times Magazine*, but when I turned it in they wished me to make certain cuts and compromises with which I could not politically agree. I therefore chose not to have it published there, and (at what is, for a free-lance writer, a considerable financial sacrifice) I gave the piece to *The Nation* with the explicit understanding that those cuts and compromises would not have to be made. In the final version of the article, several of those

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EDITORIALS

More Flimflam

The President's address on the Vietnamese War was more of the same—evasive, misleading, blandly dishonest—a pitchman's effort. Yet, with few exceptions, it received a good press. It may be that this is the kind of pap the people wish to hear—or the kind that the media now feel obliged to endorse. If so, the country is in for a worse time than even pessimistic prognosticators have envisioned.

The speech purported to promise a withdrawal of 150,000 men over a period of one year, but this was made conditional on the good behavior of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, and on Mr. Nixon's interpretation of his duty as Commander in Chief to safeguard the troops. If 150,000 effectives are actually brought home during the next year, the rate of withdrawal will be about the same as in the earlier reductions, which were on a shorter timetable. The extended timetable may be a compromise between General Abrams' reported request for a six-month suspension of withdrawals (the Joint Chiefs are said to have asked for only a two-month suspension) and the President's need to convince the public that the boys are streaming home in great numbers. One hundred and fifty thousand is a good round figure to toss about on TV and radio, but it commits Mr. Nixon to nothing.

The President likewise ducked any commitments or even informative discussion on Laos and Cambodia. However, he repeated his threat to take "strong and effective measures" against North Vietnam should Hanoi increase military action in South Vietnam, Laos *or* Cambodia. Since the overthrow of Norodom Sihanouk, the situation in Cambodia has radically changed. The rightists who seized power have attempted to oust the approximately 40,000 North Vietnamese from their Cambodian sanctuary. These efforts, ineffectual so far, were performed in concert with American blocking forces on the South Vietnam side, attacks by American gunships from across the border, and the invasion of Cambodia by South Vietnamese units. North Vietnamese resistance can be construed, at Mr. Nixon's pleasure, as an enlargement of the war, and ground for "strong and effective measures." Even if he does not resort to a resumption of bombing in North Vietnam, he can thus excuse a postponement of withdrawals of our forces from South Vietnam.

Mr. Nixon painted the standard picture of a wicked enemy who refused to meet us halfway when we stopped bombing North Vietnam, and who now refuses to match our troop withdrawals with withdrawals of his own. He says nothing, however, about the stepped-up American bombing in Laos which we have been conducting at the rate of some 18,000 sorties a month. The wicked enemy has sent his troops into Laos, in collaboration with the Pathet Lao. So have we, using CIA combat advisers, Air

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America, etc., but on *our* violation of the Geneva Accord of 1962 Mr. Nixon is silent.

He told the radio-TV audience that Vietnamization was working, and that progress was likewise being made in pacification. Both claims are contradicted by informed journalists such as James McCartney, the American reporter whose column appears in the *Toronto Star*, among other papers. McCartney casts doubt on the efficacy of Vietnamization and says that the enemy is present in substantially the same numbers as two years ago. He said that U.S. officials, measuring everything by computer and statistics, are capable of fooling themselves as well as the American public. Writing from Saigon, Evans and Novak describe the ruinous inflation in South Vietnam, with the price of rice rising 60 per cent during the past year, and quote a high government official as saying that if South Vietnam cannot get its economic house in order, "it is a sick society that no number of M-16 rifles can cure."

The omission of Laos and Cambodia from the President's speech, and the incomplete report that Senator Symington has succeeded in prying out of the State Department, shows that the Pentagon and whatever administration is in power (whether Johnson or Nixon makes no appreciable difference) is capable not only of waging undeclared wars but also undisclosed wars. We know that this has happened in Laos; it may happen in the future in Cambodia, unless the media should prove less compliant there than in Laos. If the State Department could be forced to disgorge the information about Laos that was omitted from the report publicized by Mr. Symington, it would be some protection against a repetition in Cambodia. Mr. Nixon gave no such assurance.

The only hopeful element in the speech was a peripheral suggestion that a political settlement should reflect the existing relationship of political forces within South Vietnam. This was contradicted, however, by the President's insistence that the will of the South Vietnamese people is what the Thieu government says it is. He keeps repeating that the South Vietnamese people must be allowed to determine their future without outside interference. That the installation and maintenance of the Thieu government is outside interference he refuses to recognize. His efforts to persuade the American people of his good intentions are all at this level of duplicity. Anyone who is taken in by such tergiversation must be a willing victim—but isn't that the principle on which Mr. Nixon has always operated?

Remember November

The decision of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee to disband does not necessarily mean that there will be less concentration on electing anti-war candidates in the November Congressional elections. It is probably true, as the committee contends, that the big peace demonstrations were showing signs of diminishing returns. If the energy and enthusiasm

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July, the first biweekly period in August and the last biweekly period in December) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE NATION *Volume 210 No. 17*

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which went into the committee's fine efforts in October and November—and the relatively less dramatic meetings on April 15—can be translated into local political campaigns, the loss to the peace movement may be minimized.

But the decision raises a troublesome issue. The committee implies that the President's hucksterized handling of the Vietnamese issue largely accounts for the rather disappointing demonstrations on April 15. But there is more opposition to the war today than there was in October and November. Time is running out rapidly for the President, and not merely on Vietnam. He is in trouble on a number of domestic issues related to the war—labor unrest, inflation, unemployment, meager budgets or cutbacks of vital services—and the polls reflect a swelling dissatisfaction. Critics of Vietnamization in Senate and House, Republicans as well as Democrats, have sharpened their attacks. Recent actions by the Senate have made it difficult for the President to wage "undisclosed" war in Laos or to intervene directly in Cambodia. In he House, such Republicans as Findley, McCloskey . . l Riegle have launched shrewd flanking attacks. Yet this rising opposition failed to find reflection in the April 15 demonstrations.

Several reasons have been suggested: the general despair of politics; the fact that the big demonstrations in the fall *seemed* to be offset by the President's November 3 speech; and the growing fear on the part o moderate elements in the peace movement that window-smashing, rock-throwing and cop-baiting will poison their cause. As to the last of these, it must be conceded that a mean and mindless quality has overcome a small minority of the movement. In New York, the April meeting in Bryant Park was used as an occasion to attack not President Nixon but Mayor John F. Lindsay, one of the few political figures of national stature who have spoken out consistently against the war and the growing repression. But the miscellaneous violence of these "enraged destructionists"—to borrow a phrase from Yale's President Kingman Brewster—stems from frustration and despair. Vigorous leadership can still counter or contain such activity. Where, for example, the Moratorium Committee prevailed on well-known political figures to speak, it could keep the demonstrations from getting out of hand. But it found only a handful of such speakers—specifically, Senators Goodell and McCarthy, and Representatives Lowenstein, Mikva, Ottinger and Ryan.

In the end, it is the lack of initiative from the moderates—the liberals of both parties, the independents, the left-of-center elements—which permits the leadership vacuum out of which has come the window-smashing and the related nihilism. The ugly mood now displayed by a small minority, if not checked by new initiatives from the majority, could have a baneful effect in November. Capitalizing on the absence of an effective opposition, President Nixon intends to turn the elections into a fake referendum on his policies in Vietnam, and to defeat as many critics of these policies as possible. If those who oppose the war and the growing repression—and who want to see a rearrangement of priorities—can maintain a measure of political unity, the chances are good that Nixon's strategy will be turned against him. A President takes a big risk when he stakes his prestige on the outcome of an off-year Congressional election. Mr. Nixon is gambling that the present lack of leadership and disgust with hucksterized politics, will gain him the endorsement. If so, it will be a victory by default, by the demoralization of the opposition, by a strange failure of political will, nerve and imagination.

Space: What Now?

The editors of *The Nation* are glad, as is everyone in the world, that the Apollo 13 astronauts got back unharmed. At one stage it was touch and go; an undaunted spirit, some first-class extempore engineering, and a certain amount of luck brought them home.

The near catastrophe raises a number of questions, or rather reinforces doubts that had already been in the minds of many Congressmen, plain citizens and even engineers and administrators in the space agency. From a public relations standpoint, NASA and its principal contact with the public, the TV networks, had phenomenal luck in the Apollo 13 episode. Interest in the moon shots was abating; to a great many people, up to the time of the explosion in the service module, Apollo 13 had been a bore. Press coverage was down sharply, layoffs within NASA were rising. Peril, and the excruciating prospect of the command module flying off into space or burning up in the re-entry, brought an enormous windfall of publicity. The TV audience was worldwide—the biggest ever. In Spain even the bullfights were canceled because people wanted to stay home and watch

Now NASA hopes to ride a wave of public approbation back into public favor and to avoid any reduction in its appropriations. It was not thinking of Apollo 1 while mission control was fighting for the men's lives, but at the splashdown the agency's future became once more a primary consideration. It will not be so easy, however. As after the 1967 fire on the pad which killed Grissom, White and Chaffee, NASA has launched its own investigation, but Congress too will ask some questions. Rep. George P. Miller, who has charge of space activities in the House, told reporters, "In my mind there's no question that this accident will have an adverse effect, just as the fire did." Rep. Olin Teague, chairman of the House subcommittee on space flight, rushed to NASA's defense denouncing "all this malarkey in the press that we should have a great big investigation." This conclusion sets a new record for Congressional foolishness Does Mr. Teague really think that the matter is so unimportant? He may find trouble overriding Rep Joseph E. Karth, who points out that unmanned space projects get only $1 for every $3 spent for manned flights and who wants to change the ratio.

The fact is that space spectaculars have becom

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the chief feature of the entire program. The scientific aspects are a talking point when NASA needs funds, but in an article in this issue a former scientist-astronaut trainee reveals how the scientific side of the program has been downgraded.

President Nixon joined NASA and the networks in the national rejoicing over the safe return of the Apollo 13 crew and, as usual, he milked the event for all its political advantage. He flew to Honolulu with the astronauts' families, bestowed medals there and in Houston, and luxuriated in the soap opera aspects of the occasion. This was an honest soap opera, to be sure, but in some aspects it shows a moral insensitivity from which anyone with decent human instincts must shrink. In a savage column from Washington, Mary McGrory pointed out that "many Americans, far from home, in mire and jungles, have equally great, if less spectacular, odds against them." We were exhorted to pray for the safe return of the three astronauts, but what about the hundred Americans who, on the average, are killed every week in Vietnam? Why not a day of prayer for this week's dead? Space and spectator sports have become the great American escapes, and Mr. Nixon participates fully in both. Could he be persuaded to turn his eyes toward the increasingly grave problems of earth, which he has done so little to solve?

The Impacted Ghetto

When he put his name to the $24-billion Elementary and Secondary Education Act authorization, Mr. Nixon described the spending in the three-year extension measure as both "excessive and misdirected." And he said the bill calls for an "unrealistic level of appropriations." Public attention focused on the battle over language in the bill affecting school desegregation, but the sleeper which the Administration spotted is an amendment sharply expanding aid to federally impacted school districts. The beneficiaries, hitherto untouched, would include the children of the ghetto.

The impacted aid program began as a temporary measure to ease the strain on school districts overcrowded by the surge of workers to federal installations during the Korean War. The money goes to rich and poor districts alike and critics delight in pointing to such areas as wealthy Montgomery County in Maryland, which draws impacted aid because of the federal employees, including members of Congress who live there. Conservatives normally oppose federal aid programs but they like impacted aid because it brings in money at home without calling for local tax hikes and because a large block of the aid goes to the South, which enjoys the biggest share of federal installations.

The amendment, sponsored by Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton (D., Mo.) and now signed into law, extends impacted aid to a new category—federally financed public housing. It adds about $236 million annually to the cost and broadens the scope to cover an additional 1.2 million school children, largely those who now get inadequate education in the big city schools. More than half the federally financed public housing units are located in the forty-six largest cities. Into this housing flock countless refugees from rural poverty, while industry, business and middle- and upper-income taxpayers move steadily out. The tax base shrinks as the burden grows. "Those school districts," says Eagleton, "are just as much impacted as a military base and this plan is a logical extension and improvement of the present program."

The Administration doesn't see it quite that way. HEW officials contend that the plan gives erratic benefits across the country, with a bias favoring the older Eastern cities rather than the newer Western cities. Further, they argue that some public housing has tended to alleviate school problems. But when the Administration tried to kill the plan on the Senate floor, the measure survived by a healthy 43-to-32 vote. Not only did several Republicans vote to support the Eagleton approach but so too did Sen. Richard B. Russell (D., Ga.), who leads the conservative Southern bloc and chairs the powerful Appropriations Committee. However, the two types of impacted aid—federal installations and public housing—were separated for funding purposes. This means that the money for the Eagleton plan will certainly be the target of a special drive in the Appropriations Committee. The support of Senator Russell and several other members of the panel, including Education Subcommittee Chairman Sen. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.), is thus important.

The plan provides that the local school districts would be reimbursed for roughly one-half of the cost of educating each public-housing pupil. Supporters admit the plan doesn't cure the ills of the present program, but they argue that it would get needed aid to ailing school districts. Some legislators are looking further ahead. "All we have to find," said one of the plan's backers, "is a way to include poor rural and suburban districts and we'll have a little something for everyone." *Dan Blackburn*

Making Waves in Hawaii

For several years signs have been pointing to accelerating ecological damage in Hawaii. The most recent are large-scale construction plans which threaten to play havoc with the surfing off the South Shore waters of Oahu, including Waikiki.

High-rise apartment buildings which encroach upon an expanding Waikiki constitute the most visible and immediate portion of the problem, but on the drawing boards there are plans for jetties, stone abutments, a reef highway and industrial plants. And, as a topper, the Army Corps of Engineers has a project to alter Waikiki Beach.

Hawaii has thousands of surfers and many of them have organized into a group known as SOS—Save Our Surf. Its president, John Kelly, who has been riding the waves off Oahu since 1929, says "80 per cent of the surfing areas on Oahu's South Shore would

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be destroyed under current construction plans. From Koko Head to Pearl Harbor would be just one big stone wall. It's mindless destruction."

The chief of Hawaii's harbors division, Melvin Lepine, concedes that surfing areas are threatened, but he seems not seriously worried. "The solution," he says, "seems to be to develop some artificial surfing." SOS knows the power of its opposition. "We're fighting the Army, the state and the Chamber of Commerce," says Kelly. But the group is no giving up. It has laid down its boards for protes placards and, under its prodding, twelve bills hav been placed before the state legislature to protec reefs and surfing areas from destruction.

"We're used to riding waves," said one of th pickets. "Now we've got to make some big one of our own." If SOS isn't heard, it will be one mor sad aloha to sweet Hawaii.

NEW TERROR IN LATIN AMERICA

SNATCHING THE DIPLOMATS

RICHARD O'MARA
Mr. O'Mara is an editorial writer on the Baltimore Evening Sun.

Not long ago artist Abel Quezada produced a cartoon for *Excelsior* in Mexico City. It showed a fortune-teller gazing into a crystal ball, and across from her a distraught female, identified by "Guatemala" on her hat. "Don't worry," says the soothsayer. "If your troubles continue like this you will soon receive a visit from some blond and handsome young men—the Marines."

It's funny, but Quezada is an alarmist; still worse, he misses the point. The terrorism and political kidnapping in Guatemala will not provoke Richard Nixon into sending troops into that country: first because he's not the interventionist that Johnson was, and second because it's not a job for the Marines.

Guatemala is a special case, not because Americans have been abducted and murdered there but because of the frequency with which these terrorist acts occur. A glance at the Guatemala entry in the 1970 *World Almanac* gives one the impression that a kind of madness has taken hold in that country:

> Two U.S. Embassy military attachés were shot to death Jan. 16, 1968 in what was called a leftist terrorist raid. In the same week, rightist terrorists slew a lawyer and Miss Guatemala of 1950, accused of leftist leanings.
>
> The U.S. Ambassador, John Gordon Mein, was killed by gunmen Aug. 18, 1968. A Communist guerrilla group issued a statement saying members shot him when he resisted a kidnap attempt.

The summary is out of date: this year, Sean Holly, U.S. Labor Attaché, was abducted, as were Foreign Minister Alberto Fuentes Mohr and Count Karl von Spreti, the West German Ambassador. Count von Spreti was murdered by leftist terrorists on April 5, when the Guatemalan Government refused to meet their ransom demands. The most recent report came on April 8. An unidentified young man, a leftist, was kidnapped and murdered by members of *La Mano* (The Hand), a right-wing terrorist organization, in retaliation for the von Spreti killing.

West German Chancellor Willy Brandt publicly censured the Guatemalan Government of Presiden Julio César Mendez Montenegro for being unable t protect foreign diplomats. Bonn began withdrawin its diplomatic staff from the country, and there hav been ominous hints of a possible break in relations.

This was foolish behavior on the part of the Ger mans, and probably occasioned more in response t public outrage than to considered thought. For i pretends that political kidnapping could afflict onl Latin American governments. This, obviously, is no so. What is to prevent German extremists from try ing it? And if they did, could the West German Gov ernment protect all the diplomats in that country? For that matter, who would deny that there may b groups in the United States willing to experimen with kidnapping?

The murder of Count von Spreti should have dem onstrated to all the governments of the world jus how intractable, grave and potentially widespread this problem is. It is now running like an epidemic through Latin America and seems as difficult to con trol as air hijacking.

Kidnapping is not an entirely new political weapon in Latin America. Americans and other foreigners have been sequestered in the past by dissident groups in Bolivia and Venezuela. In Uruguay the politica snatch has been elevated to a high art by the auda cious and theatrical group of urban guerrillas known as the Tupamaros. [See "The Tupamaros: Uru guay's Urban Guerrillas" by Marysa N. Gerassi *The Nation*, September 29, 1969.]

A typical Tupamaro stunt occurred last year when they grabbed Gaetano Pelligrini, a banker and owner of one of the country's major newspapers. As ransom, they demanded that the government pay a large amount of money into the retirement fund of one of the country's unions. The Tupamaros have even kidnapped the intimate advisers of President Jorge Pacheco Areco, and have shown themselves more than a match for the police. They are also quite deadly—on April 13 they killed the head of police intelligence, Hector Moran Charquero—but kidnapping has always been, and remains, their specialty.

There are indications that guerrillas in other Latin

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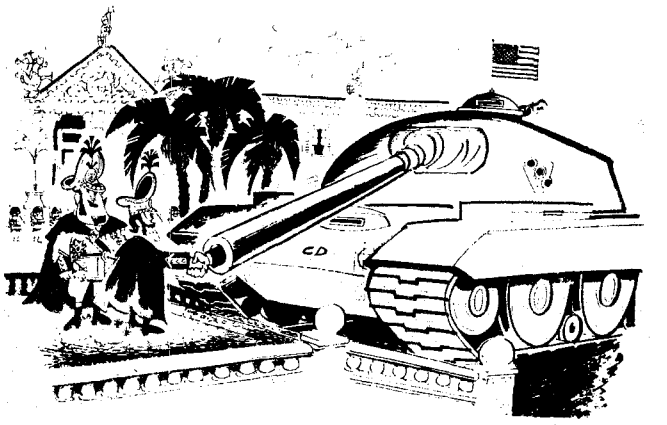
American countries have learned some of their tactics from the Tupamaros. Never before has kidnapping been used so often in so many countries and with such dazzling success. The epidemic began last September when United States Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick was abducted in Brazil by left-wing guerrillas. Before he was released fifteen political prisoners had to be taken from jails throughout the country and flown to asylum in Mexico. Since then, similar kidnappings have occurred in Brazil, the Dominican Republic, Argentina and Guatemala. Always the primary ranson demand has been the release of prisoners. Though Americans seem to be favored targets, the guerrillas have taken, or tried to take, Japanese, Paraguayan, West German and Russian hostages. Any important personage, it seems, will do.

Looking back over this recent epidemic of abductions, one asks oneself, why now? It is difficult to believe that no one ever thought of kidnapping before the Brazilians grabbed Ambassador Elbrick last year, especially since the Tupamaros have for years been showing how it is done.

However, the Tupamaros began as an urban guerrilla band. They have been operating in the city of Montevideo for a long time, and nothing is more important to a successful kidnapping than an efficient and widespread underground. Large-scale urban guerrilla operations are a relatively recent development in other Latin American countries.

They have grown as the Guevara-Debray thesis of revolution has fallen into disrepute, and the focus of the guerrilla struggle has shifted from the jungles and mountains into the cities. The success of Castro's mountain-based revolution in Cuba led Guevara and Debray to commit themselves to a complicated anti-city theory of revolution. In very simple terms, it saw the cities as home for the stodgy old-line Communist parties, the corrupted bureaucrats and labor bosses: the time servers of the Left. For one like Guevara, to whom revolution was religion, the clearer air of the mountains was indispensable. To survive and prosper, the revolution could ask for no surer and steadier allies than the good peasants of the countryside. This was the faith that Debray preached and wrote about; Guevara practiced it. But Guevara was killed by the military in Bolivia in 1967, and his guerrilla band scattered. He enlisted few recruits among the peasantry, and it has been said that his rejection of potential allies among the Communists in La Paz was his undoing. Debray wound up with a thirty-year prison sentence.



Waite, London Daily Mirror

"Senor Ambassador, I Presume. . . ."

All this had convinced many young Latin American guerrillas that the strategy employed so successfully in Cuba may not, after all, be applicable to other Latin American countries. So they brought the revolution to town. It is easier to hide in a big city. Many terrorists of middle-class backgrounds feel more comfortable there. And more kidnapping victims are available.

So far only one Latin American country, Argentina, has out-bluffed its political kidnappers. When a left-wing group abducted the Paraguayan consul, Joaquin Waldemar Sánchez, and threatened to kill him unless two political prisoners were set free, the government of Gen. Juan Carlos Onganía said No. The rejection came in the teeth of a second threat—to kill the top executives of all the American companies in that country. Onganía's gamble worked and Mr. Sánchez was released unharmed. Later, Argentine police frustrated an attempt by a group of ring-wing extremists to kidnap a Soviet diplomat.

It was perhaps Argentina's success in the Sánchez incident that encouraged the Guatemalan Government to reject the demands of Ambassador von Spreti's abductors. Perhaps the kidnappers had simply struck once too often in that country. Whatever the reason, the Guatemalan Government bet that the terrorists would not carry out their threat, and Count von Spreti paid with his life.

Argentina and Guatemala have set something of a precedent in standing up to the guerrillas. Last year in Brazil, when Ambassador Elbrick was kidnapped, some men high in ruling circles of the military government there wanted to defy the terrorists, but pressure was applied from Washington and a more humanitarian majority decided not to gamble.

Since then, Japanese consul Nobuo Okuchi has been kidnapped in Brazil, and American consul, Curtis Cutter, was shot while escaping would-be abductors. Those who were in the minority during the debate over Elbrick might now find themselves in a stronger position. They might argue persuasively that, the risk of death to some victim notwithstanding, the very life of the government may be at stake.

The interests of humanitarianism can be served only by putting an end to political kidnapping. This can only be done by refusing to pay any ransom for kidnap victims, thereby convincing the kidnappers that it is an unprofitable enterprise. It is a hard position to take, first because it requires a degree of ruthlessness on the part of the decision maker, be he elected President or military dictator, and second because it exposes to international censure the government which takes a stand. Still, it is the only course open, and it is certain that if political kidnapping is not discouraged quickly in Latin America, it will soon spread to other parts of the world. □

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COMMON FRONT AT BUFFALO

HERBERT S. LEVINE
Mr. Levine, a visiting assistant professor of history at the State University of New York, Buffalo, at the time of the unrest there, was one of the faculty group arrested on campus on March 15.

The campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo was in turmoil from February 24 to the start of spring vacation on March 21. Even now the situation is unclear, and violence may yet return. But little has so far been written regarding the development of a campus situation which must excite the imagination of anyone concerned with preserving meaningful dissent in a period of increasing anarchy and repression.

The facts of the initial outbreak of violence have been established by a report written by three faculty members, working under the commission of Acting President Peter F. Regan. On February 24, a basketball game was disrupted by a crowd demonstrating sympathy for the demands of black athletes. The following evening a small group of white student militants, taking advantage of the tense situation created by the black demands, went on a minor spree of vandalism. The administration, led by Acting President Regan, called in the city police on the mistaken assumption that a riotous situation existed on campus. A brutal police invasion of the student union followed, and that did create a riot. The pattern of police presence followed by student rioting was repeated on February 26. When the police finally left campus, student groups issued a strike call.

This strike was a dismal failure; it did not gain wide faculty support, and class attendance was near normal. Nevertheless, the administration obtained a preliminary injunction against interference with normal university activities, and against the threat or use of violence. The strikers, dismayed by lack of support and stung by the injunction, responded with a blockade and partial occupation of the administration building, Hayes Hall. Again, the administration overreacted, and 400 riot-equipped Buffalo police began a constant patrol of the campus. The police occupation created an entirely new situation, and changed the nature of the strike from the rebellion of a small group of student radicals to a massive protest from all sections of the university community.

The relationship between conservative Buffalo and its rapidly growing university has long been tense, and has involved a range of recent and traditional American prejudices. Students and faculty alike face Buffalo's distrust of New Yorkers and other "foreigners," its anti-intellectualism, its dislike of "pot-smoking, long-haired freaks," even its anti-Semitism. For their part, members of the university community have freely expressed their contempt for the city's supposed provincialism, openly challenged its traditional mores, and privately mocked the sizable Polish segment of the population.

But public authority is in the hands of those sensitive to the prejudices of the larger community, and they have not hesitated to use it repressively. The police have concentrated on "drug abuse," beginning with the arrest of Prof. Leslie Fiedler in 1967. A wave of student "busts" preceded local elections in the fall of 1969, and contributed to electing the head of the narcotics squad to the post of county sheriff. The elections were followed by a continuing, hysterical campaign in the local press and legislative bodies against "College A," an experimental unit of the university devoted to community action. The master of College A has to date received at least four death threats.

The violence of late February and early March only worsened relations between the university and the community. Acting President Regan's public references to the "vicious few," the "vicious vandal" and the "hard core" provided convenient targets for community hatred. The police, called in by the administration, were regarded by students and faculty as the occupying armed force of a hostile, repressive and dominant political faction, not as the representatives of an impartial and protective system of law enforcement. The police, baited by students and occasionally losing control of themselves, may have taken the same view of their role.

The negative response to police occupation was nearly unanimous among those faculty concerned enough to express an opinion. Protest was immediate and overwhelming. But the administration, caught in a fabric of repeated and never acknowledged error, refused to budge. To these faculty Dr. Regan's response seemed both dishonest and insensitive. Incredibly, given the known feelings of his audience on the subject of Vietnam, Dr. Regan assured a faculty senate meeting that police would be removed from campus by means of a "phased withdrawal."

With the police on campus, further violence was inevitable, and general rioting broke out on March 12. So long as student groups persisted in a policy of violent confrontation, and persisted as well in lumping faculty together with administration, there was no real chance for a common academic front. But on March 13, after the sobering lessons of the preceding night's rioting had been absorbed, the word went out from the strike meeting to "cool it!" And they did. Rock throwing, police baiting and occasional bomb planting gave way to sound political

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planning and long-term strategy. The administration's summary arrest on March 15 of forty-five faculty members, who were holding a peaceful and nondisruptive meeting in police-occupied Hayes Hall, completed the picture. The faculty had been directly attacked, and all notions of academic freedom had been violated. The faculty senate rejected a motion of confidence in the administration, and met one of the original strike demands halfway by voting an end to new admissions in the ROTC program. Mutual faculty-student mistrust did not disappear but, so far as was possible, the university community united against the cries for retaliation coming from public authorities, civic groups and the local press. The administration, by pressing for maximum legal prosecution of the arrested faculty, while at the same time denying that it was doing so, completely discredited itself. Bail and defense money poured in for arrested faculty and students. The enemy was exposed, a line was drawn, and a front was formed.

Events in Buffalo were purely local, and their effect was possibly temporary. The police were removed from campus on March 26, during the spring vacation, and the strike is virtually over. The university will perhaps return to its normal situation of fraternal warfare, which seems to be the very substance of education today. But the court trials of students and faculty will drag on, and the citizens of Buffalo will demand vengeance. The administration and the public authorities may be counted on to provide new reasons for academic unity in the face of repression. The strike committee continues to exist, and it and faculty groups are planning for a long political struggle. The moment of solidarity will not be forgotten in Buffalo. For the nation as a whole, there is a lesson to be learned.

The history of radical dissent tends to be cyclical, and an analogy with the situation of the 1930s is relevant. Faced with the threat of fascism, the Left, particularly in Europe, split into two groups, corresponding roughly to Communists and non-Communists. These groups labeled each other "Fascists of the Left" and "social Fascists." The labels were crippling, for no fight against fascism could be successful which failed to distinguish between genuine Fascists and Fascists by discourtesy. Only when it was too late the common danger was realized, and the bitter slogans of partisan warfare were exchanged for "Popular Front! No enemies on the Left!" The reconciliation was not only belated; it was insincere in both camps.

Liberals and radicals in America today are still at the stage of mutual name calling. Liberals fail to distinguish between "extremists on both sides," and radicals lump all those who disagree with their methods into one "Fascist pig" Establishment. The moment for a Popular Front has not yet arrived, but such a front was formed on the Buffalo campus. The very conditions of struggle improved the chances for a common front, as liberals were radicalized, and radicals abandoned nihilistic confrontation for political common sense.

Elsewhere, matters are not so simple. Liberal inhabitants of Lindsay's New York are understandably more concerned with radical bombers than with the possibility of political repression. But the enemy has already revealed himself nationally, at the trial in Chicago, and in the statements of high public figures. The enemy is an old and familiar one, in a slightly altered guise: the Fascist. There are those

Noonan

who reject the use of the term, which is so bound up with a specific, defunct historical situation. This rejection is mistaken. Fascism is as much alive today as socialism, and this becomes clear if we take the trouble to examine the thrust of both ideologies. Socialism, in the broadest sense, is the direction of political anger created by economic tensions at economic enemies. Fascism is the direction of this anger at irrelevant enemies. Socialism tends to destroy or radically alter the economic system that produces it; fascism, by misdirecting the anger, preserves the economic system while failing to solve its genuine problems. Both Fascist and Socialist responses to economic difficulties are possible, and have occurred, on both sides of the iron curtain.

The roots of modern American fascism lie in the failure of modern capitalism to provide general economic satisfaction. It is no accident that two of today's key political issues, pollution and inflation, are at their heart anti-capitalist, since they attack the free exercise of the profit motive. Nor is it any accident that angry Buffalo has notably failed to get its share of American prosperity, while suffering all the disadvantages of the American economic system. This situation has created in Buffalo, and is creating

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in the nation as a whole, a mass of proto-Fascist political energy which only awaits effective leadership. Emotionally tied to a system which is itself creating their distress, enraged citizens search for an irrelevant enemy—black, effete, Red or long-haired. It is unnecessary to list the attempts that are being made to establish a suitable focus for public hatred.

The militant radicals may have provided one solution to the search. Certainly liberals are loud in their complaints that the present move toward repression is being caused by expressions of radical dissent. This is plainly not true, whatever one may think of the radicals' tactics or sanity. The Fascist, in the long run, will always find an excuse for behaving like a Fascist. The radicals have done nothing more than take some of the pressure off the blacks.

Whether they like it or not, and many of them in Buffalo do not like it, liberals and radicals have become involved in the same war, and on the same side. Neither group has entered the struggle in a proper frame of mind. The radicals, who seem to have taken nothing from Marxism except a cheerful assumption that history is on their side, apparently believe that they cannot lose. The liberals, hamstrung by devotion to misunderstood principles, believe that they cannot fight. A fight is inevitable, and defeat is possible, if not probable. A large section of faculty and students in Buffalo have realized that the time for a fussy choice of allies in the fight against repression is past. There is a common and mistaken assumption that, because persecution is evil, those who suffer under it are good. The persecuted take comfort in their own moral superiority, and may even claim that suffering and defeat are themselves good, or that decent men are inevitably defeated. It would be well to remember the words of Bertolt Brecht, written after the Nazi triumph in Germany: "The good were defeated, not because they were good but because they were weak." □

SCIENCE IN SPACE

NOTES OF AN EX-ASTRONAUT

BRIAN O'LEARY

Mr. O'Leary is an assistant professor of astronomy and space sciences at Cornell; he devotes much of his time to NASA's unmanned planetary program. His The Making of an Ex-Astronaut *is published this month by Houghton Mifflin.*

In September 1966, while I was a graduate student at Berkeley, I came upon a leaflet entitled "Opportunities for Scientists as Astronauts." It was issued by the National Academy of Sciences and described extensive plans for scientific missions in earth orbit and on the moon, to follow almost immediately upon the first Apollo landing. This seemed to mean that, if I were fortunate enough to be selected, I might be in space within three to five years.

The leaflet solicited applications for the second group of scientist-astronauts, the sixth group of astronauts to be selected. The four non-scientist groups are made up of experienced jet pilots, most of them from the military services. The first group of scientist-astronauts had disappointed NASA. From a field of 1,400 applicants, only five candidates with doctorate degrees had survived the rigid physical tests. In order to increase the number of scientists, who at that time seemed to be badly needed, the requirements were relaxed for the second selection.

Being an astronomer, I was excited by the opportunities of the program. To be in space or on the moon would fulfill a lifelong dream: to get above the atmosphere, which interferes with earth-based observations in most regions of the spectrum, and for the first time conduct penetrating observations that might revolutionize astronomy. The added lure would be to live in an aesthetic environment few human beings are able to experience. I would participate in opening a new era of scientific space travel, when exploring its exotic conditions would take precedence over testing spacecraft systems. None of the astronauts thus far chosen by NASA had a Ph.D. degree in astronomy, and that seemed a strong point in my favor.

It was my impression that the National Academy of Sciences would play a substantial role both in selecting the scientific astronauts and in overseeing their progress. I knew that the program stressed test-pilot skills, but felt optimistic on that score because the growing number of scientist-astronauts, the feeling that science would inevitably dominate the manned space program after the first lunar landing, the greater relative role of the National Academy of Sciences and the relaxation of physical requirements seemed to imply that competence to fly a jet would not be essential. Indeed, the academy's solicitation leaflet said: "Where appropriate: [scientist-astronauts] will [spend] one year in flight training to qualify as pilots." The pressing need for good scientists in the astronaut program was emphasized to me personally by the National Academy selection panel chairman, Eugene Shoemaker.

On March 3, 1967, the Academy notified me that I had passed its screening and was scientifically qualified for the program. The panel selected sixty-eight scientists out of 933 applicants. This roster was then sent to the NASA Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, the training ground for the astronauts, for the final pick of ten to twenty astronauts. The abrupt

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disappearance of the Academy's selection committee from the scene at this point was a little ominous—I was no longer sheltered by eminent scientists; instead, we were in the hands of the Houston test pilots.

After spending a week at Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, going through the world's most thorough medical examination, my group reported to Houston in June for the selection committee interview, the final step to selection. Here we met our prospective bosses, Donald K. Slayton, director of Flight Crew Operations, and Alan Shepard, chief of the Astronaut Office. At that time, Slayton mentioned casually that, contrary to what was said by the National Academy of Sciences and NASA, jet training would be *mandatory* for all newly appointed astronauts. This would mean spending a full year in flight training at an Air Force base, plus devoting a considerable fraction of the balance of our astronaut careers to keeping up our jet-pilot competence. Upon hearing that bad news, one candidate steamed out of the room, griping that his time had been wasted.

Slayton explained some of the reasons for the jet-flying requirement: non-pilot Soviet cosmonauts got sick in space, and flying is good practice for space piloting. On the other hand, I retorted in my mind, a spacecraft has little in common with an aircraft, so why go to all the bother of becoming a professional pilot? Time spent in spacecraft simulators and flying as passengers in jets could take away the edginess. Jet piloting would be time consuming, expensive and risky—*from past experience, cumulatively riskier than a space flight.* Five American astronauts have been killed in jet accidents. But apart from the one irate candidate who quit on the spot, leaving an awkward silence behind him, nobody had the courage to debate the matter and perhaps make a bad impression.

The jet business was discouraging, and so was the attitude of my scientific superiors at Berkeley. They did not want me to suspend my scientific productivity after the hard effort of getting the Ph.D. I realized that the *scientifically* productive years are in a man's late 20s and 30s. One has only to look at the ages of the Nobel Laureates when they did their most brilliant research. The astronaut interruption would enforce a break when it would be most harmful; to expect to return to active competition of research at 35 or 40 would be unrealistic. I would have to learn all over again, because totally new concepts and observations would have emerged in my rapidly changing field.

On the other hand, Houston would be where the action was—where important space experiments would be produced, where samples of lunar soil would be brought back, and where an ever increasing amount of scientific talent was being collected. Most important, I would play a key role in these activities as a scientist in space. The pro's outweighed the con's and I fervently hoped to get into the program.

On July 21, 1967, astronaut Alan Shepard telephoned to say that I had been accepted as one of eleven new scientist-astronauts. I was pleased by the news, and I accepted. Rather, I accepted 99 per cent, since Shepard offered me no information about salary, reporting time or flight school. He seemed not to like my hesitancy, and I realize that all-out enthusiasm was appreciated by my new superiors.

We reported back to Houston and on the first day Slayton painted for us a surprisingly bleak picture of our future:

> I might as well warn you troops that you won't be seeing any action for quite some time. We've been receiving word from Washington that the budget in the post-Apollo space program will be severely cut again next year and many flights will have to be postponed or scrapped. And it looks like things aren't going to get any better for a long time. Although we'd like to put all of you into space at some time, we can't guarantee it. So you may as well face the prospect of long delays and perhaps no flights. We don't need you around here, at least for the time being. I'm saying this just so you'll understand.

My misgivings grew. Not only must I sacrifice science to jet flying and spacecraft engineering, but now maybe I wasn't needed at all. Was Slayton serious? Had the astronaut office submitted to pressure from Washington and the scientific community and selected new scientist-astronauts whom they didn't want? Stunned by Slayton's pessimistic remarks, we recruits labeled ourselves the Excess Eleven (XS-11).

Further difficulties arose in training. We spent most of the first six months in a conference room, listening to lectures on space sciences and Apollo spacecraft systems. Though the science lectures were, for the most part, extraordinarily good, the lectures on spacecraft systems were extraordinarily dull. At the start, it seemed that an education in the Apollo project would be helpful, if there was any prospect that we would go up in Apollo-type capsules in later years. We welcomed a two-week course called "Familiarization," intended to show us the highlights of the Apollo lunar landing mission and the more important features of the control panel and operation of the command and lunar modules.

But three months devoted to virtually every valve and resistor in the Apollo spacecraft was a colossal waste. We had difficulty actually understanding how the spacecraft worked because the lecturers were programmed to point out in great detail that the RCS bone was connected to the P-valve bone and the P-valve bone was connected to the hip-flange bone. At the start of each lecture, teachers would pass out what we called coloring books, because they contained nothing but diagrams; there was no text. The diagrams showed where in the spacecraft a given system was located, then a flow diagram of the system itself, then a block diagram full of puzzling abbreviations and arrows which indicated the "interface" of that system with other systems. We would enter the classroom with colored pencils and color in the diagrams—paisley rockets, green liquid oxy-

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gen tanks, chartreuse valves, and amber block diagrams. The lecturer would project on a screen graphs identical to the drawings in our coloring books and painstakingly read off each part and what it connected to: "the ayashcom goash to the shecayats, and then iyat interfaishes with the are-tee-she-she or the eyum-oh-she-are through tee-eyal-eym, trayaj or she-eyum-dee loadsh. Now, thish funcshal configuhration can go through dishplayesh on she-eyum-dee exshecute or execute reshponse. Ya'll undershtayund?" Several of us would have our feet up on the tables in the dark room, either coloring our books or snoozing.

I postponed the task of learning a foreign language of abbreviations and acronyms until that indefinite future when I would need it. At best, it looked as if we wouldn't be going into space for at least five years, and it was conceivable that some entirely new spacecraft would be ready by then. Even the command module was being constantly redesigned; a radical transition occurred from what they called Block I to Block II after the Apollo fire took the lives of three astronauts in 1967. And we would forget everything in five years anyway—in fact, one year of flight school would be enough to wipe the P-valve out of our hypothetically conscientious memory cells. I must admit that I would have had to push myself to learn the Apollo system in the classroom even if I had been going into space in a year; it is like trying to learn how to drive a car in a classroom. The spacecraft simulators add an essential reality to the education, but unfortunately, they were in constant use by the real Apollo astronauts. We had one opportunity to use a simulator.

Our superiors constantly emphasized jet flying as an important part of astronaut life, and they frowned on our science activities. Once Alan Shepard called me into his office to complain that I hadn't gotten his permission before accepting a leave of absence faculty appointment at the University of Texas; such appointments are commonplace among the scientist-astronauts at their former universities, but because I had been a graduate student I needed a new appointment. One time, Slayton was reluctant to grant scientist-astronaut Curt Michel a year's leave of absence at Rice University, even though he had no space flights coming up in the foreseeable future. Michel was in the first group of scientist-astronauts, selected in 1964.

With a decade or more to wait for a flight, we scientist-astronauts would be given a load of engineering tasks, often irrelevant to our scientific interests and background. Once I walked into Curt Michel's office to talk over with him my concern that flying and human engineering would interfere with our scientific work, even when no space flight for us was in sight. He replied: "Yes, I know what you mean. I try to come in here as rarely as possible, because I can't get much done. All I need to do is sit here for five minutes and somebody will come in and say, 'Curt, there's a meeting in Building 2 about EVA gloves you ought to attend,' and I can't well refuse." Two minutes later, another astronaut walks into the room. "Curt," he says, "there's a meeting in Building 2 about the Apollo telescope mount you ought to attend."

I resigned from the astronaut program in April 1968, soon after I reported to flight school. It was a painful decision, but one which I have not regretted. Two major factors convinced me that I should get out: budget cuts in NASA's scientific manned flights planned for the 1970s; and a preference of test pilots over scientists in space crew selection. The crew bias is not surprising, since test pilots ran the astronaut office and were responsible for crew selections. They were the senior astronauts, veterans of the Mercury and Gemini flights.

Unlike the Soviet space program, NASA flies no scientists. The Apollo 13 and 14 each includes two rookie test-pilot astronauts who joined the program

more recently than several of the scientist-astronauts. Seniority used to be the main criterion for crew selection. After his resignation, scientist-astronaut Michel told *Newsweek* (September 22, 1969): "You never know where you stand in the astronaut office. . . . There seems to be no pressure on Deke Slayton to fly a scientist."

There is some hope that Jack Schmitt, a geologist, may be selected for a lunar landing aboard Apollo 16 or 17. Schmitt has been indispensable as an adviser to the astronauts traveling to the moon, but he would be even more useful as a geologist *on* the moon. Meanwhile, the reason for leaving scientists out of the picture is that the Apollo lunar landings will continue to be "operational" rather than "scien-

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tific" missions. But, since the scientist-astronauts are also high-performance jet pilots, they would appear to qualify for operational missions.

Slayton does not agree with this. He said to *Newsweek* (September 22, 1969): "The [lunar] landing is purely a piloting technique. Most of the scientist-astronauts are good pilots, but they got an awful late start compared to the professionals. They obviously can't do in a couple of years what it took others ten or fifteen years to do. You'd feel pretty bad to have to abort a mission because a guy on the right [the co-pilot] wasn't competent, and a dead scientist won't do anybody good."

But Curt Michel replied: "There are two guys in the LM. Only one guy can fly at a time. Buzz Aldrin didn't land on the moon. If Armstrong had gone into a dead faint, they wouldn't have landed; Aldrin would have aborted. Any of us could have done that. We could probably do the landing, too, but even if you take the tack that we are not competent to touch the controls, we could do what Aldrin did."

Why fly a scientist? For me the answer is simple, perhaps because I am a scientist. A geologist is much more likely than a test pilot to collect interesting rocks on the moon and to photograph and describe the lunar landscape. A physicist is much better able to deploy a solar wind to cosmic ray experiment and describe some of the results. An M.D. is most competent to measure physiological data. The scientist-astronaut is a specialist, highly trained to observe a particular facet of extraterrestrial phenomena.

A test pilot has lived with jets during several years of military service, and is obviously best qualified to command an Apollo spacecraft on its treacherous journey to the moon. He is not a skilled, meticulous observer in space, nor would this be expected of him —there are numerous examples of astronaut error on past missions that I have cited in my book. He is simply an excellent pilot who is given the order to fly a risky mission.

Test pilots and scientists are thus good complements to each other on a space voyage. Certainly the public would like an optimal return from each $500 million spent on lunar landings, now that the drama of Apollo 11 is over.

I believe that the scientist-astronaut should step into positions parallel and equivalent to those occupied by the pilots now in charge. The scientists should share with the pilots a significant role in crew selection and mission planning. Jet flying should become optional. Finally, the scientist-astronaut, after initial training, should be able to return to a university until a year or two before his trip into space.

The indifference toward science is found not only in the astronaut community but also in the entire NASA manned space program. Soon after Apollo 11, many other scientists resigned from the program: chief scientist Wilmot Hess; scientist-astronaut Curt Michel; director of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, P. R. Bell; curator of the lunar samples, Elbert King; principal investigator of Apollo lunar surface experiments, Eugene Shoemaker; and geologist Donald Wise. These well-respected scientists had gone to Houston to start an ambitious program of science based on manned space flights. Why would they resign at the time when the first rocks and detailed pictures came back from the moon? It appears that the purely engineering aspect of Apollo has driven the scientists away. King told newsmen: "Now that we've accomplished our national goal, there has to be a good scientific reason to keep going back to the moon. NASA has made no real effort to develop this."

Eugene Shoemaker, now chairman of Caltech's Division of Geological Sciences, announced that he was quitting his Apollo work "out of deep concern for the direction of the nation's space goal." He described Apollo 11 as a "poor system for exploring the moon":

> Look at the absurd way the men have to climb out of the hatch and down the ladder. Look at the transfer equipment [to bring gear to the surface] like an old-fashioned clothesline. Look at the equipment bay, barely usable with a jury rig.

It must be clear that there are big problems with Apollo, since the project's most influential scientists quit during the moment of triumph. In my opinion, the answer lies in the bigness, inflexibility and vested interests of Apollo; it has a momentum that is difficult to turn off overnight and puts NASA in much the same position as the Pentagon. Apollo almost had to be a purely operational program to fulfill John F. Kennedy's goal of a manned lunar landing by the end of the 1960s. Now that goal has been met—yet the carbon copies of Apollo 12, 13, 14 and so on are being launched, primarily to justify continuing the program. With each mission there will be minor increments in the scientific exploration of the lunar surface, but are they worth the $500 million cost for each flight? Ralph Lapp says (*The New York Times Magazine*, February 2, 1969):

> That's more money than Congress grudgingly bestows on the National Science Foundation each year for the support of all basic research in the United States. Given a choice between $500 million for all basic research and the same amount to bring back a second bagful of rocks from the moon, only a lunatic scientist would take more than a microsecond of decision time.

Lapp urged the United States to: "Terminate the manned space programs soon after the initial lunar landing. . . . I would reserve the remaining Apollo craft for future unmanned missions to the planets and I would mothball the single-purpose manned space flight facilities."

Mariners 6 and 7, which sent back remarkable pictures and valuable scientific information about Mars, cost only $70 million apiece, or one-seventh the cost of sending a pair of test pilots to the moon.

It is now too late to adopt Lapp's suggestions, but it is not too late to do something about our lunar landings after 1971. We could slow them down to

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about one per year, making each a major scientific assault. Unmanned packages containing elaborate experiments, extended life support equipment, and trucks for exploring miles of terrain, could land nearby. Efforts are being made in that direction, but so far they are very feeble.

I believe the space program can be made worth what we are putting into it if the emphasis on manned flight can be curbed. We should now be asking ourselves how best to perform a given mission, whether manned or unmanned, rather than asking what we can do with the man who stands next in line for space.

In the years ahead, the unmanned planetary program should be exciting, fruitful and inexpensive. Automatic Mars landers can be designed with far greater capabilities than would be possible with manned landers, and at a small fraction of the cost. But if NASA were to commit itself to a manned Mars landing in the 1980s or 1990s, estimated to cost $100 billion, an imbalance even greater than Apollo would befall the space program. □

CALIFORNIA'S CLUB MOVEMENT

THE PALSY OF THE CDC

FRANCIS CARNEY
Mr. Carney, a professor of political science at the University of California, Riverside, is the author of The Rise of the Democratic Clubs in California *and co-author of* Politics 1968.

California's Democratic Party club movement apparently has reached the end of the line. In its exuberant youth, back in the mid-fifties, the club movement was the most exciting and promising political participation game around. By 1960 there were in the state about 400 local clubs with a combined enrollment of almost 100,000. The clubs were knit together, through a county and legislative district system, into the formidable California Democratic Council. Under California's election code, the CDC was an "auxiliary" party organization—not, that is, an official organ of the Democratic Party—but in the peak years CDC and the clubs virtually controlled the party's nominating process at all levels of partisan elective office. The men and women of the CDC rang the doorbells for party candidates, staged the rallies and managed the campaign headquarters. In some cases they raised the funds that enabled liberal candidates to defeat entrenched and well-heeled rivals.

Most important of all, the CDC gave the California Democratic Party a direction and a character. The direction was liberal to Left; the character was amateur, oriented more to issues and ideas than to power and office. The movement was born in Adlai Stevenson's first Presidential campaign; it had passed its peak when Stevenson died on a London street. The mention of Stevenson is appropriate because Stevenson, oddly, was always the national political hero for the club people. It was a curious attachment, for Stevenson was a man of many compromises. He was a cold warrior. He was lukewarm on civil rights and related matters of racial equality. His remote and diffident style contrasted sharply with the throbbing, often raucous style of CDC. Yet he was their man more surely than the Kennedys ever were, more surely even than Eugene McCarthy was or is.

That affection for Stevenson was, of course, engendered by the times, by the issues of a decade ago and the resolute banality and immobility of the Eisenhower administration. But it also sprang from Stevenson himself, and particularly from the belief that he, too, was an amateur of sorts. He stood, after all, for the idea that politics is about issues, that campaigns ought to be serious exchanges between candidates and between the candidates and the people. Above all, Stevenson symbolized the conviction that power is instrumental, not an end in itself—that, as Stevenson himself put it so long ago, "There are things more important than victory." Finally, Stevenson seemed to come to political life as a whole man; the private man did not disappear into the public man. It is the essence of the amateur style to *participate* in political life rather than to live only in politics. Articulate CDC leaders always saw in Stevenson what they took to be the best elements of their own movement.

Perhaps they were right. It is hard to imagine Adlai Stevenson functioning effectively in today's scene, and it certainly seems that the amateur or grass-roots movement in California has been overwhelmed by the upheavals of the past decade. Membership in CDC has declined to 10,000 persons, or less. The annual CDC Convention in Fresno in March was poorly attended, dispirited and—worst of all—irrelevant. It resembled far more the devotional exercise of a sect than the purposeful gathering of an important political mass organization. The principal task of the convention was to make endorsements of candidates for the June Democratic Party primary election. In former years, these endorsements were highly prized; indeed, they were usually indispensable to victory in the party primary. But in 1970, no one really cares about them.

This year, the endorsements were more ironic than important. An old enemy of the CDC, Jess M. Unruh, was given a more or less enthusiastic nod for the gubernatorial primary. Unruh had been for CDC

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the very embodiment of professionalism and bossism. Many had called him the gravedigger of the club movement and the architect of its most humiliating defeat. Things change, though, and now Unruh carries the hopes of all California liberals into the campaign against Reagan. For the Democratic primary there was no rival to Unruh on the horizon save the Mayor of Los Angeles, the hated Sam Yorty himself, who since the CDC convention has formally entered the race for the Democratic nomination. There was no doubt that Unruh would get the endorsement, for what it is worth.

The major "contest" at the convention was a curious struggle between Rep. John V. Tunney and Rep. George Brown, Jr., for CDC sponsorship in the U.S. Senate primary. The Senate race offers the Democrats probably their best chance for victory in November. The old hoofer, Sen. George Murphy, is a tempting target. He has had a lackluster Senatorial career. Throat operations have left his voice feeble and breathy, and this lends credence to rumors that he is ailing. And, though this may be hard to believe, he is probably too conservative for California. In any case, he is considered vulnerable and that makes the Democratic nomination a prize worth having.

Both Tunney and Brown declared early and both are already campaigning hard for the nomination. Both are liberals, but there are differences. Brown was an early and vehement critic of the war in Vietnam. Tunney, though never a hawk, came later than Brown to open opposition, and the language of his protest is less passionate and resonant. But Tunney's most evident flaw, from the standpoint of the club people, and the sufficient cause of much open hostility to him from liberals in the state, is his position on the table-grape boycott of Cesar Chavez's Farm Workers Organizing Committee. Tunney has consistently refused to support the boycott. He doesn't go so far as to condemn it and, in fact, supports much of Chavez's program. But the vineyards of the Coachella Valley are in his district and he argues that he can't be party to a blow aimed at the livelihood of his constituents. But that argument fails to satisfy most California liberals. The cause of the California farm workers is one of the great pure issues of these times, and Chavez is an all but unassailable symbol. The issue embarrasses Tunney at liberal and most Democratic Party gatherings. The pickets invariably appear and their mocking cry, "Tunney eats grapes!" must by now ring in the ears of the young Congressman like the strident call of the Furies. Tunney's whole presentation of himself, the boycott issue apart, is less ideological, less systematically liberal than Brown's. It was clear from the moment that he declared his candidacy that Brown would get CDC support.

But Brown, instead of kneeling to be knighted, began bobbing and weaving. He stated publicly that perhaps CDC ought to make no Senatorial endorsement, or that they should endorse both himself and Tunney. At times he seemed to depreciate the value of the endorsement. At other times he questioned the wisdom of pre-primary endorsements in general. Tunney, for his part, made no effort at all to court the endorsement, though he refrained from direct attacks on CDC. In the end, both Brown and Tunney went to Fresno and formally requested the endorsement. However, Tunney knew that he had no chance at winning, and used the occasion to make a defiant speech, almost a renunciation. To the press and television coverage he stressed the distance between himself and CDC. Again, without making any heavy or direct attack on the organization, he appeared to be "telling off" the CDC. One source high in Tunney's campaign organization told me that "from John's standpoint the whole thing worked out just right. Look, John's got great liberal credentials, 96 per cent ADA score and all the rest. Yet he doesn't have CDC around his neck like an albatross. Murphy can't run against him by picking up some half-assed CDC manifesto and linking John to it through CDC's endorsement." In other words, Tunney, who at this time is the clear favorite to win the nomination, feels that CDC's endorsement would be a handicap.

Brown, one of the most consistent, articulate and thoughtful men in the House, also sought to put some distance between himself and CDC in his acceptance of the endorsement. The old form called for a run through of all the defining issues and a ringing affirmation in the paramount role of the grass-roots movement in the Democratic Party. But Brown warned against doctrinalism and sectarianism, reminded his hearers that winning elections was still a vital objective of political action, and suggested that in recent years CDC had lost some touch with political reality as well as with the electorate of the state. In other words, though he welcomed the endorsement, Brown established that he was not going into the campaign as the CDC candidate. He didn't want the CDC hung around his neck either. Times have changed; it has been a long way down for the liberal grass-roots organization in California.

It is difficult to specify any single cause of this morbidity. Of course, these have not been vintage years for liberal Democrats, but it would be superficial to claim that the eclipse of CDC is only an extension of general Democratic Party decline. After all, CDC was born in a time of liberal and Democratic Party adversity. In 1953, Stevenson had just been crushed, Dulles skated toward the brink, McCarthyism was at its apogee, and Ike dozed in the White House, while the cancer in the cities began to metastasize. In California, the fortunes of liberals and Democrats were at rock bottom. Adversity produced the CDC.

Academic political scientists like to take another tack, arguing that success kills movements like CDC. It is an interesting theory and worth a closer look, for it does explain some of the difficulties of the organization. According to this analysis, the CDC began to decline at the moment in the late 1950s when its own vigor and momentum helped to propel a Democratic administration and legislative majority into

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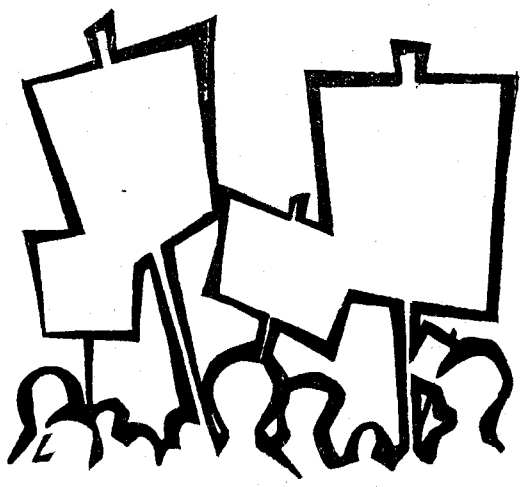
power. That produced two different kinds of strains. First, intraparty opposition to CDC increased in direct proportion to the number of Democratic incumbents. Elected officeholders, the argument runs, inevitably come into conflict with a liberal amateur movement because the incumbents must establish a position close to the center of the political spectrum. They must appeal to and represent a majority of the electorate, rather than simply the members of the organization. To accept whole the rather liberal CDC programs, to act as spokesman for the CDC, would be to misrepresent the total constituency and, thereby, court electoral disaster. Officeholders seek the center; CDC pushes them perilously to the left. Incumbents resist the formation of clubs in their districts, seek to tame them when they do exist, and join intraparty coalitions against them.

There is something to this. The annals of CDC are filled with struggles against famous liberal Democrats—Pat Brown, Holifield and Unruh, to name a few of the more notable. There is no question that such antagonism produces considerable attrition at the center of CDC. Moderate, party-minded and "responsible" members quit in disgust or drift out of the organization. The Democratic incumbents, the media and the Republicans join in tight-lipped lashings of CDC "irresponsibility," "arrogance," "fanaticism" and, of course, "extremism." Despite the fact that an astonishing number of "irresponsible" and "extreme" CDC positions of a decade ago are today's convention wisdom, the CDC became identified in the public mind as an extremist group, the Democrats' analog of the John Birch Society. That reduced the organization's electoral effectiveness and, hence, the value of its endorsements and its capacity for playing a major role inside the Democratic Party.

The second, related way, whereby Democratic Party electoral success is said to inhibit or frustrate a movement like CDC, involves means and ends. For the amateur, as James Q. Wilson has said, "the proper motive for political action is a concern for the ends of politics." Democratic Party electoral success is valuable as a means to realize policy goals, never as an end in itself. When a Democratic officeholder, for whose office the CDC members have sweated, reneges on policy promises, or takes illiberal new positions, the CDC members find it hard to mute their criticism. Appeals to party loyalty or to electoral realism can sometimes work, but not always. For one thing, the CDC member is apt to believe that *he is* the party, that his policy goals and his participation are the reasons for the party's existence. This view is no doubt impractical and astigmatic, but it is what drew people by the tens of thousands to the Democratic clubs and sent them into the streets to work for Democratic Party victory. It may be, then, that in the American two-party context opposition best suits the amateur or grass-roots organizations. The definitive splintering of CDC occurred in 1966 when its then president, Simon Casady, struck repeatedly in hard and bitter terms at



Lyndon Johnson for his war policies. These vitriolic and personal attacks brought from Pat Brown a demand that Casady be, in effect, purged. As a result, Casady was ousted, but the organization was wracked by the struggle. It has never really recovered.

But though these explanations for the downfall of CDC are plausible, I do not think that they are paramount. Political scientists advance such notions because they shape up into a symmetrical, abstract, ahistorical construction which legitimizes the triumph of the professional politicians as a kind of "systemic" necessity. That assumes, of course, that the familiar American two-party system enjoys a timeless validity, and that the equally familiar brokering professional politician is a near-universal norm. There may, in truth, be even greater "systemic need" for vital institutions of political participation, such as CDC or kindred arrangements. CDC thrived for a time on combat with party officeholders. It thrived for a time in harness with Gov. Pat Brown. Jess Unruh, in an earlier incarnation, harried and slashed at it for years from his redoubt in the legislature. In 1964, he sallied forth for a hammer blow when he created the Senatorial candidature of Pierre Salinger and helped him to win the Democratic nomination against Alan Cranston, the CDC champion and founder of the organization. Unruh's coup opened the doors of the U.S. Senate to Republican George Murphy, who executed a still-nimble buck and wing right around the ponderous Salinger. That certainly hurt, but CDC was still viable and even formidable. Struggles with the official party and the officeholders have not done it in.

In my judgment, the CDC has fallen victim to the erosion of the center that has characterized American politics since 1965. CDC, for all of the cynical redbaiting of a Yorty, and for all the efforts of its various opponents to depict it as a mob of mad, howling *enragés,* was until recently an organization of the Center, one of moderate to liberal tendency. It was and still is almost entirely a middle-class movement, almost devoid of black or Mexican-American chapters. In fact, as both Wilson and I have pointed out, CDC was never strongly organ-

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ized in the real Democratic and working-class neighborhoods. Beverly Hills and Westwood, Berkeley and Marin County have always provided the biggest and most energetic Democratic clubs. CDC was never a youth movement. Its cadres were typically comprised of people in their 30s and 40s. The professionals, of course, are somewhat older, and CDC conventions swung to a younger beat than did the conventions of the Democratic and Republican Parties. But it was not, in any significant way, an organization of young people. Finally, CDC was never, until recently, any kind of "anti-party" faction within the Democratic Party. The club people were real Democrats, capable often enough of stifling their ideological and programmatic yearnings for the sake of party harmony and victory.

Today it is said that CDC has come to its dreary state because it is shrill and sectarian. But the shrillness sounds like a whistle of panic. I don't believe that the CDC grew weak because it was shrill and sectarian; it was, I think, the other way round. It has declined because the crucial or defining issues of the day have so polarized the society that the middle has almost disappeared.

The war in Vietnam has been almost fatal to CDC. It was a war not only begun by Democratic Presidents; it was begun by liberal Democratic Presidents. In a way, it has been a superbly rational and pragmatic war, fought with limited means for limited objectives, unaccompanied by grandiose talk of "total victory" or nuclear threat. This framework froze vigorous dissent long enough to allow President Johnson his illusion of consensus; long enough, also, to drive thousands out of CDC. When dissent began, it was what really split the organization in half. And even dissent opened no avenue of escape. If you drove out Johnson, you got Humphrey. If you helped deny victory to Humphrey, you got Nixon. Impotence. And middle-class liberals could not bring themselves to escalate verbal dissent into acts of resistance or violence.

Despite its strong white, middle-class character, CDC in the 1950s and early 1960s was powerfully and emotionally committed to civil rights for Negroes. No candidate could hope for CDC endorsement until he had made repeated and fervent professions of commitment to what was then called the civil rights movement. At club meetings and CDC conventions members ached to stand next to one of the few blacks present, to clasp hands with him and sing a chorus or two of *We Shall Overcome*. But that was all history by the mid-sixties. White liberals became the enemy for many black militants, and liberal white suburbanites grew increasingly uncomfortable with the race issue. The gulf between CDC people and the blacks was revealed with melancholy clarity in 1968 when CDC massively and enthusiastically backed McCarthy, while the blacks, with as much enthusiasm and greater solidarity, rallied behind Robert Kennedy. Integration is no longer a relevant issue for black spokesmen, but it is hard for liberals to give up their old, easy dream of it. The profane, radical rhetoric of the black organizations is simply too tough for most white, middle-class liberals. It is not that the CDC liberals have joined the backlash but that they cannot find common ground with the militant blacks. Finally, most liberals still resist violence, even when it is largely rhetorical violence. So there is no black-liberal alliance in California beyond a common sort of resigned willingness to keep on voting Democratic.

There was always a lot of turnover in the clubs but now the stream of new members has all but ceased. In part, middle-class liberals are turned off by the language and life styles of the radical young; more seriously, they feel that the young are challenging not only hypocrisy and materialism but also rationality, political action, even the very idea of order. The young people, on their side, are not attracted to Democratic clubs and the CDC. They tend to be bored by lengthy discussions at club meetings or at council conventions. I have seen young people pour into Democratic clubs to attend a single meeting on a single issue—perhaps a resolution on marijuana or abortion, or to approve resistance to the draft, or to condemn the head of some nearby campus, or to censure some Democratic officeholder for his failures on these or other issues. They listen intently and take part in the discussion. Not infrequently, they turn out in sufficient numbers to swing any vote that develops. They can wreck a Democratic club. But they do it as a single event, almost as a single piece of theatre. They have no thought of cutting out deadwood, in order to begin the long and hard task of building a new club for a new movement. It is enough that for a night virtue has triumphed and some bad man has been put in his place. They cannot be appealed to in the name of practicality, or realism, or the need for Democratic Party vic-

LETTERS *(Continued from page 514)*

cuts *were* made, totally without my knowledge or permission. I am therefore regrettably left with the conclusion that *The Nation* is no better than *The New York Times Magazine* in its political backwardness, and considerably worse in its editorial courtesies.

J. Kirk Sale

We regret Mr. Sale's distress, but for the record we must point out that no promises were made to him as to the specific editing of his manuscript. We did, however, tell him that, because of the mail strike and the late delivery of his article, we would be unable to send him galley proofs; we suggested that he come into the office to read the text in its final form. He did not find it convenient to do so.

When an author first appears in the magazine, we obtain from him biographical data. This is kept on file and we assume that, if his status changes, he will so inform us when submitting later pieces. We have been regularly sending mail and forwarding queries to Mr. Sale at *The New York Times Magazine*; none of it has been returned and we had therefore no reason to suppose that he had left that paper.

The Editors

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tory. Parties mean little to them. Parties are the Establishment and that is what their fight is against.

One could go on, issue by issue. There is a law-and-order issue, there is a crime problem; but liberal solutions to such matters are not in fashion this season. Reagan now has the initiative. Each new campus upheaval, each garish tale of drugs, each new clash between the police and the young or the black, strengthens him at the polls. Do the liberals endorse crime? Do they condone campus violence? Do they accept drugs? Have they not brought us to our present pass with their reforms and their permissiveness, their ceaseless bleating for rights, rights and more rights without responsibility?

It is the palsy of the middle in American politics that has so reduced CDC. The immediate future does not seem promising for the club movement in California. Tunney, who was so decisively rejected by CDC, feels that the endorsement of his opponent, Brown, was the "kiss of death"—or the peck of death; CDC is hardly strong enough for a true embrace. He will probably go on to win the primary, giving another demonstration of the debility of the CDC. Whether CDC and Tunney can get together after the primary is open to question, but Tunney doesn't feel that he needs the clubs. There is no more intelligent, able and generous man in California politics than Jess Unruh, and there was nothing grudging about the CDC endorsement he received in March. But it looks as though Unruh will go down in smoke and dust, first bloodied and muddied in a primary fight with Yorty, then defeated by Reagan. Much of the future of liberalism in California depends upon how Unruh chooses to fight this battle.

His intimates state positively that he is aware of his difficulties, that he knows Reagan will probably beat him. But, they go on to say, "Jess feels that he owes this one to the people of California, maybe also to the memory of Bobby Kennedy and Dr. King. He will at least use the campaign to expose Reagan and the futility of the repressive policies of Reagan and Nixon."

If Unruh does that, if he refuses, from some faint hope of victory, to court the law-and-order sentiment and make capital of the resentments against black militancy and youthful protest; if he does not waffle on these issues, if he points to major change as the only solvent for the terrible polarization of the society, he could revitalize the whole movement. He might even win the Governor's office. □

COMPUTER DATING

TRAP FOR THE LONELY

LINDA MASON
Miss Mason is with CBS News, working in the area of consumer affairs.

> We know computer dating can be fun and when done right, render an individual a real service . . . properly programmed, the computer should pull many names out of its memory bank, just for you . . . we've developed a referral sheet which gives you vital statistics and a photograph of everyone the computer says should meet your compatibility requirements. Nothing cute, just facts about someone who may become mighty important to you.

These words from a full-page ad taken in *Life* by International Compatibility, a nationwide computer dating service, stirred my curiosity. As a journalist interested in consumer affairs, I wondered if the happiness promised could be delivered. The ad guaranteed five to ten referrals a month for five years and implied that all these dates would be with the most compatible people the subscriber had ever met. This miracle was promised for "one reasonable fixed fee"—which turned out to be almost $500.

I phoned Compatibility and some five hours later Lewis Schiele, a representative from the firm, was sitting in my living room. Mr. Schiele carried a reprint of the *Life* ad in his credentials folder, along with one he claimed had appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, but which I failed to locate in back issues of that magazine. He used these facsimiles to establish the firm's reality, anything in print being presumably real. To allay any residual doubts, he urged that I check with the Better Business Bureau.

Mr. Schiele, gray-haired and distinguished in his glen plaid suit, was paternally interested in my "plight." He assumed that I was dating widely but probably wasn't meeting the right caliber of men, and hence had turned to the services of the firm he represented. With that hurdle crossed I could relax: in his eyes, I was attractive; in his informed judgment I had a chance to be like the 150,000 men and women who, he claimed, had found one another through Compatibility.

Computer dating began five years ago at Harvard University, when two undergraduates founded Operation Match, the prototype of the modern electronic matchmaking systems. Nine months later, some 90,000 college students had spent time with their computer-selected "perfect" dates. The $3 fee seemed a token payment for a minimum of five people with whom to have fun.

Today, some of that fun is missing. The college "Match" program concentrated upon students, and students are, in a sense, already compatible. They all attend institutions of higher learning and have all participated in campus life. With this as a start, the

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computer was able to introduce people who shared specific interests: Renaissance art or English literature. Coeds played the game as another college lark.

A few firms still match for fees of $5 to $10, but on the whole computer dating is becoming a big-money operation. Compatibility charges $395 and $495 for its programs. Match-makers and Discovery, two other California-based firms, charge up to $1,000, and there are said to be at least three other high-priced electronic matchmakers. The patrons of these firms do not start from some common base, like a college campus, and they are in no mood to play games. Investigation shows that many of the applicants are women in their 40s and 50s; for lonely people, electronic matchmaking is no lark.

Today, the country is full of lonely, reasonably well-off people, and International Compatibility is taking advantage of the fact to open branches across the country. From its Los Angeles home office, the firm has expanded eastward to twenty-seven cities, including New York, in little more than two years. Cincinnati and Atlanta, Miami and Philadelphia, Union, N.J., and twenty-two other cities support local offices, and there is no end in sight. The parent company even sells franchises.

Donald Cornish, formerly of the public relations firm of that name and now, with Milton Zahn, owner of Compatibility, tells reporters that his is a profit-making firm which "offers people a genuine service. We're not charlatans or quacks." Compatibility sells its message hard. Ads in national magazines and newspapers across the country account for a major part of the firm's expenses. The $100 fee earned by the salesmen for each new subscriber is also a substantial item of overhead, but it inspires zeal.

Miss X saw one of the ads. Tired of being single, lonely and 21, she called the company and a salesman convinced her to part with $495 to meet the most desirable men of her life. Four dates later Miss X is still 21, still single and still lonely; but she now has a cause. She's involved in New York State Atty. Gen. Louis Lefkowitz's investigation into Compatibility.

Sitting in her parents' Great Neck, L.I., living room the junior college graduate is bewildered by her experience. After all, the program stressed compatibility—based upon extensive interviewing and testing and given a final polish by a computer. What could be wrong with a system so temptingly scientific? And yet the short brown-haired girl set her earrings dangling as she charged indignantly: "Those guys didn't suit me to the tee. They were completely different from my interests."

Miss X, a child of Pop culture and a rock enthusiast, was paired with men interested in science and classical music. The men failed on other counts: they were of the wrong religion and the wrong age. Since Miss X and her referrals had nothing in common, there were no follow-up dates.

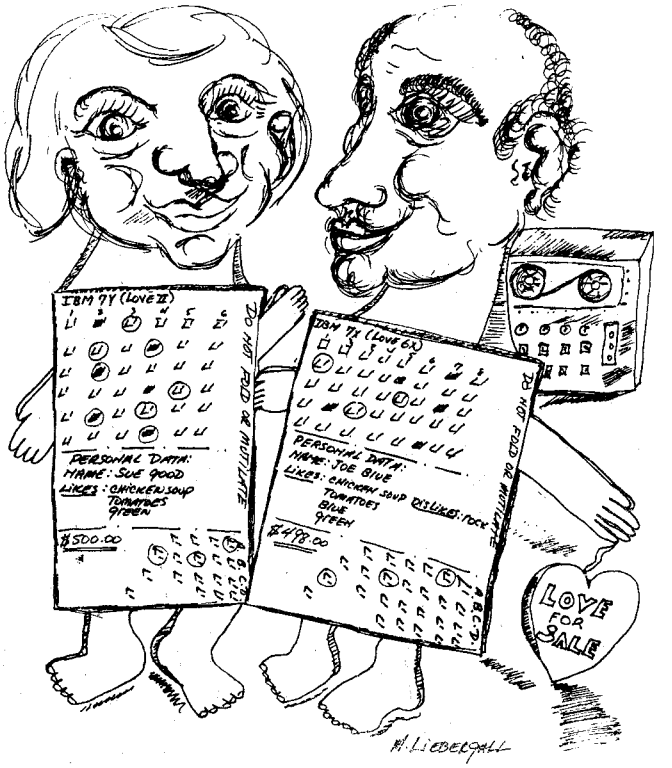
A 55-year-old Manhattan divorcé, Mr. Z laughs a bit sheepishly over the phone. He admits, "I was taken." Though himself a commercial artist, Mr. Z was seduced by a glossy pamphlet from Compatibility that promised an end to "the game of romantic roulette. . . . Through this program you'll meet more fun, single people in one year, highly compatible with you than you've met in your lifetime."

Mr. Z called about the program and although "flabbergasted" by the cost parted with his money through Master Charge. "The salesman made it sound so easy," he said. Mr. Z sat back to meet his referrals, all of whom were too old and totally without his interest in sports. Ten of the women complained to Attorney General Lefkowitz that Mr. Z was not the date they expected when they enrolled in Compatibility. He feels the same.

A woman doctor in Brooklyn, aged 58, was also a victim. Dr. Y submitted sworn testimony to Mr. Lefkowitz's office, charging that her referrals were unsuitable as to religion, education and age. Dr. Y declined to discuss her experiences. In a thick accent she said she was afraid of what her patients might think. She says she feels a bit foolish.

The list goes on. Complaints from more than seventy-five people who feel they've been misled by Compatibility led Mr. Lefkowitz to subpoena the firm's records. Compatibility refused and brought the case to court where a judge ruled that the books must be produced. But the legal battle has only begun, for Compatibility persists in its refusal.

Cornish and Zahn were just sitting back to enjoy a projected $3-million year—after a whirlwind two-year campaign—when the Attorney General of



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New York threatened to put a spoke in their wheel of fortune. Nor is the situation much better in their home state. The California attorney general's office has taken the high-priced computer dating firm, Match-makers, to court on charges of misleading advertising. The state is investigating six other electronic matchmaking firms.

In New York and California, the complaints that clients make against the various computer dating firms tend to repeat: the ages are wrong, the religions are wrong, the interests are mismatched. California Deputy Atty. Gen. Andrea Ordin reports that most of the complainants are women aged 30 to 60 who have paid up to $1,000 to meet a compatible man. Mrs. Ordin adds that one firm now under investigation fulfilled its contractual obligations to supply a certain number of names by sending names of people who had married or moved from the addresses given.

Joseph Baim, of the Los Angeles law firm of Greenbaum, Landrum and Baim, speaks for Compatibility. He professes to know nothing of fraud charges and dismisses the New York State investigation with the comment that, like any new business, Compatibility is suffering growing pains and thus has fallen under investigation. When pressed, Baim admits that Compatibility promises to match people on the basis of thirty-three out of sixty-four possible areas the firm has designated "compatible." Baim calls it a parameter of 33 points and notes that unfulfilled requests in respect to age, height or religion might be among the 30-odd points not matched. It's an explanation, of sorts, but possibly not much comfort to Miss X, Mr. Z and Dr. Y who staked their hopes on the invincibility of the computer.

During his interview with me, Mr. Schiele pointed out that the computer would match me with a man compatible in thirty-three areas, adding that most married couples are compatible in only about twenty areas—hence the high divorce rate.

He then gave me a quickie test to determine a rough profile of my personality. I answered fifty questions divided into five areas: one covered religion, two covered sex, and two were subjective personality evaluations—was I excitable, good-natured, passionate? He then produced a crude code and analyzed the results by reading from a prepared table. He made each of my characteristics sound like an irresistible asset. Even the zero in religion meant that I believed in a personal god and questioned all established religion. A good thing; he approved.

For more than an hour Mr. Schiele repeated in a soft, insistent voice the attributes of the program: the size of the membership, which he indicated to be in the hundreds of thousands, would assure me variety; the quality of the membership, since it passed various attitude and aptitude tests; and the clincher —the company had been successfully running the program for almost a decade.

How could I resist? What price happiness? Mr. Schiele melted on. He glanced at my TV, my hi-fi, and assured me: "You can't cuddle them." The fee of $495, he literally purred, was almost a giveaway.

He continued filling out the contract. Would I be giving a check or cash? When I said that funds were not immediately available, he proposed to help me: could I switch my savings to my checking account . . . or perhaps I had Master Charge? I admitted that I did and he positively glowed. Why, I could begin meeting men right now, and take two years to pay. (No mention of interest charges. I learned later that half the contracts are financed by Master Charge.)

I asked to read the contract and refused to sign, stalling until the next day. I had never had a thought of signing, but even so found it difficult to resist. Although I suspected fraud, I could find nothing wrong with the contract until an attorney in Mr. Lefkowitz's office pointed out that seven of the eleven clauses are disclaimers. The word computer never appears nor does any mention of compatibility. Moreover, if I had signed my name, I would have been liable for half the fee for "interviewing and testing" services rendered. Mr. Lefkowitz called the contract awfully one-sided. Another attorney called it "unconscionable."

As for the in-depth test that would reveal the "real me," it consisted of 115 questions rather skirting the areas of religion and sex, but heavy on such items as favorite hair color, foods, entertainment and music. Dr. Allen Bergin, a psychologist at Columbia University Teachers College said that tests for something as intangible as "compatibility" are generally poor. This test was especially bad.

He made the further important observation that the aim seemed to be to match people for similar traits and that this certainly doesn't guarantee compatibility. For example, two domineering people might be able to agree on nothing.

Computer dating is now under investigation in at least two states. The wonder is that, given the firms' extravagant promises, they've managed to avoid the scrutiny of the numerous consumer protection agencies springing up in state after state. It makes one wonder how effectively they guard the public.

Then there's the problem that a national magazine faces when, by running an ad, it tacitly agrees that Compatibility has some sort of legitimacy. *Life*'s advertising department, when asked how such ads are checked, replied that it calls the Better Business Bureau. But in this case—and indeed, when I phoned myself—the Bureau gave no indication that the firm might be questionable. In fact, Compatibility is so sure of its good record that it urges potential customers to check the firm's reliability with government agencies.

These stamps of approval can be dangerous. For in fact there are hazards to the unsuspecting—and one of them is the danger of indiscriminately giving out vital information. As for true love from a computer tape, the fact is that the only true love around these firms is the love of money—and, for that, hearts are broken. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'The Potency of Truth, the Power of Love'

BLACK FREEDOM: The Nonviolent Abolitionists from 1830 Through the Civil War. *By Carleton Mabee. The Macmillan Co. 435 pp. $9.95.*

CARL COHEN
Mr. Cohen teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

In any human endeavor the quality of results achieved is largely determined by the quality of the means used in their achievement. This principle, as true in social as in personal life, needs to be reiterated and reinforced until one day (we may hope) it will be revered. Every war, with its train of consequences, writes the lesson in red.

The American Civil War was no exception. Whoever believes that that war was justified by the emancipation of the slaves, which was (as Lincoln frankly said) only a military necessity, blinds himself to the real effects of that "emancipation" over the following century and to the options foreclosed by the war. Some of these options had been seen and pursued with fervor and self-sacrifice by the nonviolent abolitionists in the decades just preceding that war. They failed both to maintain the peace and to realize the decent society they sought. Considering their number and physical weakness, however, their successes were extraordinary in dimension and character. They were sharply aware of the practical ways in which means penetrate ends; we have a great deal to learn from them.

This book is the detailed account of their labors, beliefs, accomplishments. It is a very good book indeed, organized clearly and written well, compendious and careful, deeply moving. I cannot judge its historical accuracy, but I am impressed by the power with which themes are developed, the loving care with which Mr. Mabee has gathered and woven together incident and anecdote from a vast body of sources. His pursuit of completeness and honest balance renders the going a bit dull at times; occasionally the style grows heavy. But if the writing does not always scintillate, the material does. It is not so much the passion as the tactical brilliance of his subjects that makes this study of nonviolence so compelling.

The abolitionists recognized, as constants in American life, a genuine national conscience on the one hand, a pigheadedness of majority opinion on the other. Using the former as a lever against the latter, they aimed to capitalize on the quixotic American vulnerability to decency and sense. For the morally anguished of our century, nothing is more instructive than the intelligent heroism of the morally anguished of the last.

Their tactics were firmly rooted in conscientious principle. The Garrisonians with fiery spirit and uncompromising perseverence; the Tappanites (after Lewis Tappan, New York merchant) with religious dedication and political wisdom; and the Quakers with simplicity and love, guided by "the Light within"—all were devoted utterly to the freeing of the slaves, and all rejected, with thoughtful deliberation, any violence in pursuit of that goal. Their *Declaration of Sentiments* (1833), chiefly authored by William Lloyd Garrison but edited and signed by the leaders of all three groups, announced their stand. Contrasting themselves to the American Revolutionaries they said:

> Their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. Ours forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.
>
> Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. Ours shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentence.

Their methods, they declared, would be both indirect (speaking, publishing, politicking) and direct. Of direct action they devised a multitude of varied and biting forms. Some of these proved ineffective; others had considerable impact. Freedom rides, boycotts, eat-ins, pray-ins, pray-outs, speak-ins, speak-outs, noncooperation, the creation of integrated schools, and of schools for Negroes, civil disobedience in a hundred forms, nonresistance in a thousand. Black and white together, they were strong and smart. They knew their anti-slavery position was morally right; they were determined to bring their fellow countrymen to see that rightness, to recognize for themselves the horror of slavery. They were confident of the ultimate power of moral suasion. They began as a tiny group, yet their numbers grew, their convictions deepened.

Whether—if the war had not cut short their efforts—they might have roused the conscience of the nation to the point of action is impossible to say. Hypothetical history is hard to write. Had they prevailed, had the nation renounced slavery peacefully, as the outcome of a moral judgment rather than the force of arms, the lives of millions of black Americans in succeeding years might have been a hundredfold more decent, and the moral character of the nation a hundredfold improved. The quality of the means determines—may infect or may enhance—the quality of the end.

In defending their moral position these nonviolent abolitionists displayed impressive originality. They didn't simply repeat their message; they applied practical intelligence in compelling the adversary to confront the ugliness of his own position. They would not coerce in any physical sense, but they could drive home their message with moral weapons they did not hesitate to wield. Of Stephen S. Foster, a New Hampshire Garrisonian whose stinging speeches in unusual places at odd times had striking effect, James Russell Lowell wrote:

> *A kind of maddened John the Baptist,*
> *To whom the harshest word comes aptest,*
> *Who, struck by stones or brick ill starred,*
> *Hurls back an epithet as hard,*
> *Which, deadlier than stone or brick,*
> *Has a propensity to stick.*

A Yankee sea captain, Jonathan Walker, caught trying to carry several runaway slaves from Florida to the Bahamas, had his hand branded by a red-hot iron with the letters SS, for Slave Stealer. Wendell Phillips declared that in truth they stood for Slave Savior, and that Captain Walker had the noblest hand in America. In the goading of the Christian churches these nonviolent liberators would not relent; they withdrew from churches that would take no stand, and with moral pressure compelled others to do likewise. A church that does not speak clearly against slavery cannot be truly Christian. Anne Warren Weston wrote:

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No true communion cans't thou find—
The helpless slave forgot;
For where no love for Man is found,
Worship of God is not.

With extraordinary courage, and considerable wit, they used the deepest convictions of their opponents in their own defense. Often despised, humiliated, abused, they created an ever-broadening flow of protest. They met outrage with a more powerful, nonresisting outrage of their own. When Foster was dragged from a Baptist church after he began to speak, and was told that he ought to be tarred and feathered, and cowhided, he replied: "Does your gospel run like that, my friends? Is it tar your enemies; feather them that hate you; cowhide them that despitefully use you?"

It is time for those of us oppressed by governmental wickedness, as clear as and even more murderous than slavery, to learn to use the moral weapons rightfully ours. Civil disobedience, effective against the fugitive slave law, as it was against racially discriminatory legislation in our time, is much less so against a barbarous but remote war across the sea. If the standard, indirect methods of political activism prove too bland, and the once striking devices of marches, vigils and assemblies of protest have lost their impact, we must use our intelligence in devising means that will reach home.

Which way shall we go? Destructive vandalism—smashing windows, throwing dirt, bombing offices—is as contemptible and as wrongful in its small way as the murder we protest. As always the outcome will take the imprint of the instrument. The two most self-damaging symbols of the current protest movement are the raised fist and the epithet "pig." The aim is not to prove that we too can destroy but that, in representing us, our government has no right to destroy, certainly not to kill. War, says the Yankee farmer in James R. Lowell's *Biglow Papers* (1848), is flatly inconsistent with our own genuinely professed ideals.

As for war, I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an' flat.
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

And each man who kills in war must answer for it personally; no government, no nation, has the right to command such acts.

Ef you take a sword and dror it,
And go stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it.
God'll send the bill to you.

Real self-determination is an American principle, real freedom is an American ideal. Let our protest focus upon the loyalty of our cause, using—honorably, not dishonorably or with ridicule—the American flag and American documents. Why yield America to the war makers? They are the betrayers of our national ideals; the conscientious objectors are the patriots. Let us, in every reasonable way, emphasize our solidarity with the best of the American tradition, in that way to awaken plain Americans to the applications in practice of principles they honestly, if often hollowly, profess. Let us use the moral principles of our leaders against them when they behave immorally, rather than give all principles up in despair. "Yippies believe," said one of the Chicago 7 recently, "in violating every law, including the law of gravity." What is achieved by stupidity like that? A decent society is built by decent acts and decent men; indecency deserves to be exposed, shamed, not duplicated.

We come back to first principles: means and ends interpenetrate. The nonviolent abolitionists understood that well; many of us have not. "Freedom, in any proper sense of the inspiring word, is not the child of violence," wrote Beriah Green, pastor or the anti-slavery Congregational church in Whitesboro, N.Y., in 1861. "We shall derive *from* the war what is characteristically involved *in* the war, and nothing else." □

The Sayings of Chairman Jesus

TRIAL POEMS: A Poet, A Painter. *A facsimile edition of their prison art. By Daniel Berrigan and Thomas Lewis. Beacon Press. Unpaged. $17.50.*

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE. *By Daniel Berrigan. Beacon Press. 123 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

RICHARD DRINNON
Mr. Drinnon is a professor of history at Bucknell University. He is the author of Rebel in Paradise: A Biography of Emma Goldman *(University of Chicago Press).*

In jail you make do with what you have. Thomas Lewis had very little with which to illustrate Daniel Berrigan's poems from the Catonsville trial; he worked with a few sheets of sketch paper, a little India ink, plenty of ground cigarette ashes and water, sharpened Popsicle sticks for pens, and, for the brown backgrounds, a mixture of instant coffee and cocoa. In the hands of his talent these crude materials produced drawings that embrace the poems handwritten or lettered over them.

Three of these eleven poems appear by themselves in Berrigan's *Trial of the Catonsville Nine*: though they read just as crisply and forcefully, they seem more abstract, more *printed*, more removed from a felt present of memories of dying children, nauseous officialdom, cell blocks, comrades capable of joining their lives and art to yours. The differing impact of the poems in the two settings is the measure of Lewis' effectiveness in marrying sensitive graphic lines to words.

Perhaps Judge Hoffman had a point when, during the Chicago trial, he ordered a simple reference to William Blake stricken from the record. With line and word Blake battered at the walls of our stupidity. Backed up by an imaginative Lewis drawing of enraged men, striped moon, and bars, Berrigan brings this truly subversive tradition into our time with the following lines: "We sit or walk our cage/ day after day;/ at night, the moon/ striped like a tiger/ leaps on us with a cry./ Unlikely men, white, black,/ sweating with rage and grief/ our diet decreed/ by our own prophetic guts—/ the prison poems of Ho,/ the sayings of Chairman Jesus."

On May 17, 1968, Philip Berrigan of the Society of St. Joseph, and Daniel Berrigan of the Society of Jesus, along with seven others, did willfully and knowingly seize the 1-A files of the Catonsville draft board and then did willfully obliterate those records by burning them with homemade napalm. To understand how these unlikely men and women, Roman Catholics all, came to express their rage and grief in this extraordinary fashion, you can turn to Daniel Berrigan's judicious selections from the transcript of their trial in a Baltimore federal court on October 5-9, 1968.

At the conclusion of the trial, the prosecutor complained to the jury that there were four or five justifications "floating around. One defendant is upset about one ill in the world, and that justifies his going to Catonsville. Another is upset about another ill in the world, and that justifies his going to Catonsville. And so on." It was true that the defendants took different roads to Catonsville, but they all, in one way or another, wound back round from the rim of empire.

Mary Moylan, a Baltimore nurse and midwife, came back from Africa after six years: "I was working at Fort Portal up near the Mountains of the Moon. In the summer of 1965 American planes piloted by Cubans bombed Uganda supposedly by accident. This made me very interested in our foreign policy." Four

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of the nine came up from Latin America: Thomas and Marjorie Melville and John Hogan, former Maryknoll missionaries, learned about U.S. foreign policy first hand in Guatemala, and were expelled for their guerrilla sympathies and their expressions of outrage at our armed intervention. George Mische returned from a four-year tour with the Alliance for Progress with a better understanding of why bricks were thrown at him and other North Americans. He had resigned because "democratically elected governments were overthrown by the military with Pentagon support."

Philip Berrigan, Thomas Lewis and David Darst, a Christian brother, came to Catonsville from their work with blacks in the south and in the slums of the North. Darst, who had been teaching in a poor ghetto district of St. Louis, saw many little children without enough to eat, and found it astonishing "that our country cannot command the energy to give bread and milk to children. Yet it can rain fire and death on people ten thousand miles away for reasons that are unclear to thoughtful men."

The testimony of Daniel Berrigan tied together the experiences of his brothers and sisters in Africa, in Latin America and in the mother country with colonized blacks. He added his own experience in Asia. In the mid-sixties, when Berrigan had begun to say "no" to the war in Vietnam, Cardinal Spellman sent him into what proved to be temporary exile in Latin America. "I visited ten countries in four and a half months," he testified, "from Mexico to Southern Chile and then up the Western coasts." Everywhere he discussed United States involvement in the political and social scene of those countries, and everywhere he found that the misery of millions was perpetuated by the billions in American investments; that "the resources of America which belong in justice to the poor of the world are squandered in war and war preparation." Then, in early 1968, he flew to Hanoi to bring home three captive American airmen. There he discovered, to his horror, overwhelming proof that the United States had been improving its weapons by experimenting upon the bodies of the innocent: "So I went to Catonsville and burned some papers because the burning of children is inhuman and unbearable."

The testimony of the nine made up a kind of citizens' Message on the State of the Empire. It was as if, finally heeding Mark Twain's strictures against missionaries, the defendants had returned to tell the home folk what the United States has really been doing to all those persons sitting in darkness. There were not four or five justifications "floating around," therefore, but only one. From different corners of the world the defendants had come up with bits which slid smoothly into a single mosaic: the United States both consumes and exports "a massive institutionalized disorder." The American mission, they all reported, is both duplicitous and murderous. And so they wrapped up this report in their action at Catonsville.

The official reaction, of course, was a willful and knowing refusal to hear. Notwithstanding the uncontested nature of the facts of the "crime," the government still had a formidable task: the prosecutor had to persuade the jury to turn a deaf ear to the message and believe that the defendants, three of them clerics, all of them college graduates, all with records of remarkable achievement and dedication—that that these nine men and women were religious nuts who had gone berserk in a senseless attack on government property. In his final summary, however, the prosecutor showed that he had not been able not to hear everything. In what must have been an unconscious parody of the classic liberal lines of default, he went so far as to suggest "that, to the extent that this country has problems, those problems will be solved. We will get better. The country will get better."

The ladies and gentlemen of the jury had a stake in believing him. In background and occupation they all gave dramatic expression to the extent to which the industrial and military underpinnings of empire thrust down into our daily lives. Of the ten men on the jury, one was a veteran of World War I, three of World War II, two of the Korean War, and three others had seen military service somewhere along the way. I do not know whether the remaining male had served in the military: he was, in any event, then employed by the National Security Agency. Of the two women, one had been Chief of Position Classification at Edgewood Arsenal, and the other was at the time a management analyst with the Army. A reluctance to hear the truth was thus built into their careers; even so, these representatives of the silent majority may not have needed any additional institutional support for their native will to disbelieve unpleasant realities.

But actions do speak louder than words, especially when the words speak through the action. As Daniel Berrigan was quick to observe, "the obscene word *napalm* never passed the lips of prosecutor or judge." The judge was curiously edgy about the word *conscience*: though the record shows quite clearly that he had interrupted the defense to instruct the jury of their duty not to decide the case "on the basis of conscience," he later declared, "I did not mention conscience. . . ." That as a man he had been hearing part of the message all

They occupied
three buildings...
They threw bottles,
stones, and two-pound
door hinges at the police...
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along was made clear by his confession to the defendants that "I would be a very funny sort if I were not moved by your sincerity on the stand, and by your views. I agree with you completely, as a person." As a judge, he sentenced them to prison.

The Boston Five, the Catonsville Nine, the Silver Spring Three, the D.C. 9, the Conspiracy Eight, the New York Black Panthers—as repression rises, the political trials flow by ever more rapidly, leaving us standing in their literary deposits arguing over and comparing performances of the new juro-drama, as Dwight Macdonald has called this form of factual theatre: Why was the Spock trial such a nothing? Did you dig the way Judge Larsen cried when sentencing Father Mullaney of the Milwaukee Fourteen? And weren't both Hoffmans riots in the Chicago carnival?

One can hardly help contrasting these selections from the Catonsville transcript, which ran to a mere 1,200 pages, with the recent *Tales of Hoffman*, excerpts from the mammoth Chicago transcript of 22,000 pages. It is a little as if one turned from an album of Renaissance music performed by the New York Pro Musica to an all-night session with the Grateful Dead. Yet the sharp differences in tone and style may mislead. Though language in the two trials is undeniably different, all the defendants would have no difficulty in agreeing on what is really obscene—not references to bodily functions but, say, a word like *napalm*. And even the scatological genius of the cultural revolutionaries is challenged by that of John Phillips, one of the Chicago Fifteen draft-board raiders, founder of Prisoners' Information and Support Service (PISS), which had the motto: "Words are Shit."

Abbie Hoffman has said that "here in Chicago . . . we are tried for our language . . . the language and imagery of our generation are on trial." His observation, as usual, was perceptive, but only part of the story. No matter what the language, all the defendants in the recent trials have been bringing word of the Song My at the heart of American culture and buried deep within each of us. At the risk of their "sweet skins" they have refused to be accomplices and have reminded us of our of own duty to truth and to the dying children. Though the Chicago "conspirators" undeniably reached a larger audience, the message will reach different people in different ways—as Philip Berrigan said, "there is no one way, there are as many ways as there are men or communities. It is up to us to pursue our way as best we know how, and to respect theirs." Or as George Mische testified during their trial, "the style of one's action must coincide with the style of his life."

The style of the Catonsville Nine enabled them to pose the question of decent survival with grace and clarity. As posed, their protest became an invitation to us to act likewise. We are invited to begin by abandoning our cowardly determination to cover up our knowledge of massacres being performed in our name. They brought this message in person, through their action and words, and then stood by to substantiate it, make it credible, with their lives. □

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

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Possibility After Possibility

TO SEE, TO TAKE. *By Mona Van Duyn. Atheneum Publishers. 94 pp. $3.95 paper.*

RICHARD HOWARD

Mr. Howard's most recent books are Alone With America: Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950, *his third volume of poems,* Untitled Subjects *(both Atheneum), and a new translation of Gide's* The Immoralist *(Knopf).*

Curious but altogether characteristic, how this embattled, original woman has plucked her title, an affair of eager sensuality, out of this wry interrogation: "how much would she try / to see, to take, / of what was not hers, of what / was not going to be offered?" The personage in these opposing circumstances is Leda, but the problem is Mona Van Duyn's, the problem and the risk of apprehension, of seizure in all its senses, in all *the* senses. We do not own the world we love, the beings we long for do not belong to us, are other: how much of it all are we to have on our own terms, or must it be, as Henry James concluded, a renunciation entirely?

Her answer is in her form, her *façon*, her genre: a persistence of decorum, an almost obsessive observation of the rules, the pieties and protocols of versification which she yet flouts and flagellates until she has forced these domesticated structures of hers to sound the note she recognizes as her own: "to see all creation in the ungainly, ungodly / throes of your individuality."

She is a ferocious rhymer, for example, though one discovers it almost by accident, so intent is she on rhyming *off*, slanting away from the chime or cadence which might give any comfort to her (or her reader's) ache for release:

Before you leave her, the woman who
thought you lavish,
whose body you led to parade without
a blush
the touching vulgarity of the nouveau-
riche,

whose every register your sexual coin
crammed full, whose ignorant bush
mistook for sunshine
the cold brazen battering of your rain,

rising, so little spent, strange
millionaire
who feels in his loins' pocket clouds of
power
gathering again for shower upon
golden shower . . .

That is the opening of "Advice to a God," and that is how Mona Van Duyn will keep her sentence running through ten sets of such triplets—by refusing to let the mind or the ear *settle*, though she chides her utterance (diction, vocabulary, references, wit) into a presentment of drastic order. Alluding to Josephine Miles, a poet she thoroughly admires, Miss Van Duyn states her case for the poem as well-made cantilever: "the 'good outward and intent construction,' built over whatever

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inner hells and abysses, may very well be the single sign of our greatness." Not our greatness, notice, but the *sign* of it: hers will be poems of oblique conviction in which the lacerated but laced-up rhymer administers, as she perfectly puts it, "eyeful by eyeful the exact, extensive / derangement."

For all their contraption, Mona Van Duyn's poems are pitched below the tension of the lyre, not an instrument likely to be lying around the house—there is a mocking drop in her voice, not a learned but a *knowing* resonance in her voice; it is parlor speech not platform style, utterance which intends to accommodate alternative likelihoods:

. . . The world itself creates
possibility after possibility,
constantly erupts, and quiets.

When shape and shapeliness come
together
in a quiet ceremony of chance,
page after page will finally be
delivered
into the perfect hands.

Possibility, that is her word. She uses it about ten times in this wise, talkative book, and there is in its insistent deployment a refusal to renounce. Life, our needs and diseases, our loves and compromises—life defines us, imposes on us, constricts, she says, but there is possibility, "the sweetest dream the human creature / can have." Her familiarity with failure, with "the dark particular," is just what allows, what urges this poet to allow for and to urge upon herself the hope of a difference, "the slow, awful return / to possibility" before everything "melts away in the storm of everyday life."

In her previous book, the brilliant though less organized, less composed collection, *A Time of Bees* (1964), Mona Van Duyn seemed so concerned with "the making and breaking of form and measure," with what she distanced, or outdistanced, as "the transformations of poetry, small, desperate and precious," that I found her only too willing to let the world offer her occasions, extend invitations to speak up. She is much less diffident now about her making, and there are nowhere near so many poems that "take off," as the saying goes, from news items or seed catalogues. She trusts herself more, or at least entrusts herself to her poems, and her occasions are now centripetal—matters of biography, intimacies of memory and desire awesomely disciplined by the strict covenant of her discourse. In "First Flight," enduring the plane's vibrations, she confesses the converse appeal:

If the poem were to speak without its
syllables,
and love's spirit step out of its skin of
need,
I would tremble like this.

It is the old and, here as everywhere, eschewed temptation she registers: the temptation to put off the integument, the armor of mere poetry in order to "reach, finally, a plain absolute place, / and stand in the center, saying to someone, / 'Believe. Believe this is what I see.'" But Mona Van Duyn, though she offers and even exposes herself, never exhibits, and so never condescends. She does not ask us to believe what she sees, she lets us see it.

She has found a relish in her art, "the sugar and gall of language," which saves her from the waste of confession, of the confessional. "Women . . . are allowed a great deal more freedom than men to express their feelings in public," she remarked lately in a review of women poets, "but in poetry they must submit the tears, outrage or whatever to standards of freshness, relevance and excellence that apply to all poets." She has done just that, has submitted, has survived, has prevailed, and her recompense is the apparently bland one of being, invariably, interesting—not merely credible but interesting. It would be patronizing to praise Mona Van Duyn for being, as I have called her, wise and daring and profound. But it is within the critical province, I believe, to praise her for being interesting, since the interest of her poems—their capacity to be at the center (which is what the word *interest* means)—is a moral decision, a choice made beyond the mere dictates of nature.

The choice obliges a renunciation, for it means trusting to appearances, using the senses, the wits, even the record, which we call *the past,* of the senses and wits of others. These are unfashionable utilizations in our poetry, and they imply an abandonment of certain ecstatic potentialities. There is a moment at the end of her final, finest poem, "Marriage, with Beasts," when Mona Van Duyn suffuses with her rueful wit that very abandonment, and articulates precisely those defeats which the trust in possibility rises from.

Having considered the various "bestial uses" of love, the animal analogies—flamingos, ungulates, monkeys, sparrows, some modern poets—that dramatize her sense of herself, of her marriage, the poet and her husband enter the lion house. A mountain lion comes up to the bars and meets her gaze. Here, as Lévi-Strauss confirms in the last lines of *Tristes Tropiques,* she suffers the ultimate encounter which is beyond lan-

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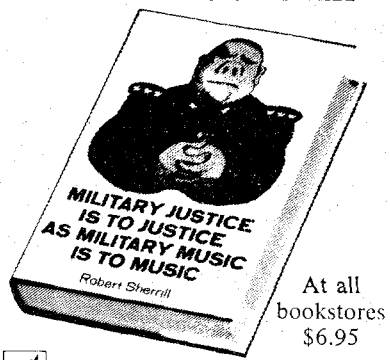

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guage or love, the encounter with what is not herself, not mediated, other. And she draws it all together into the one poem, the lion, the man beside her, the life lived and still to be lived, the ecstasy renounced in favor of the expression:

What can it be that comes without images?
An eye, nothing in it but what he is, the word, then,
after all this,
not love but
LION?
The slit widens. There. Illiterate. Perfect. lion. without adjective. lion lionlionlion it ceases to be a word

but I get away, turning to where you are.
I'm shaking. Now take what you've seen of me home, and let's go on with our heady life. And treat me, my pet,
forever after as what I seem; for it seems,
and it is, impossible for me to receive, under the cagey wedlock of your eyes, what I make it impossible for you to give.

To have had that illumination and to forgo it; to have chosen semblance for its human possibility; to have discovered that one's selfhood makes a pure experience of another impossible and yet not to discard one's selfhood—and to have done these things by just that submission to standards of freshness, relevance and wit by which she asks to be judged—make Mona Van Duyn a heroic figure in our literature. □

Economic Sovereignties

THE AMERICAN CORPORATION: Its Power, Its Money, Its Politics. *By Richard J. Barber. E. P. Dutton & Co. 309 pp. $7.95.*

CORPORATIONS AND THE COLD WAR. *Edited by David Horowitz. Monthly Review Press. 249 pp. $6.*

ARTHUR S. MILLER
Mr. Miller is professor of law at George Washington University. He is the author of Racial Discrimination and Private Education *(University of North Carolina Press) and* The Supreme Court and American Capitalism *(Free Press).*

Less than two centuries after Adam Smith wrote *The Wealth of Nations*, giant corporations so dominate the economic *and* political arenas of America that a crucial challenge is presented to the constitutional order. The change is so massive that it may validly be said that we live today under a new constitutional system, one that came without fanfare and with little controversy. In essence, it is a native form of corporativism.

Richard Barber, former law professor and at one time counsel to the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee who is now a deputy assistant secretary in the Department of Transportation, gives us a *tour d'horizon* of the development of the corporate giants. With a mass of factual data, he edges up to, even poses, some basic problems, but he does not analyze in depth or detail their meaning for Americans (for that matter, the entire world, for as he so accurately notes, American business has become global).

Corporate gigantism is part of the received wisdom of the day, chronicled by Adolf Berle, Robert Heilbroner, and Kenneth Galbraith, among others. Less than 500—probably less than 100 to 150—supercorporations have emerged as *the* major contestants for power in the modern age. They are the overmighty economic sovereignties of our time, instruments of private governance which ever increasingly are merging with public government.

Barber mentions that a "business-government partnership" has arisen, but its implications are not spelled out. Neither are its details, save in part (as in a passing reference to the little known but very important Business Council). Barber's failure lies not so much in what he says but in what he does *not* say. We need what Dean Edward S. Mason once called "a satisfactory contemporary apologetic" to explain and—of more importance—to limit the partnership that Barber sees. Mason thought that the attack on the historical capitalist apologetic had been successful, and that it was high time that scholars address themselves to producing a new one. In that task, he said, economists would have little to offer; psychologists, sociologists and political scientists would have more.

That is the broad problem that Barber takes us *to* but not *into*. He does say that "a unique brand of corporate state" has been produced, one "in which the government and private sectors threaten to coalesce in a way that could be antithetical to democracy itself." Agreed. But how? And what, if anything, is the remedy?

If he had gone on to develop some answers, Barber might have found that the word "democracy" as applied to politico-economic relations in the United States is so nebulous as to be meaningless. His

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idea of the "corporate state" is synonymous with Galbraith's "new industrial state"—but all that is really new in the government-business interface is the size of both corporations and government. Since 1776, and even before, they have always been in bed together, bundling, so to speak, in a cozy arrangement in which governmental policy has itself been a major input into the causes of corporate growth.

American economic history is one long account of governmental subventions in favor of business (railroads, canals, tariffs, etc.), with an occasional aberration in the direction of regulation —mostly at the turn of the century and in the New Deal period. Laissez faire became the prevailing ideology only when groups other than business corporations sought favors from the state, and thereby cut into the "prerogatives" of management. During the half-century from 1886 (when the corporation was called a "person" within the meaning of the Constitution and thus entitled to protection of "due process of law") to 1936 (when the Supreme Court stopped outlawing measures to aid laborers and farmers), the corporations waxed large and strong despite attempted regulation. Operating as "the first authoritative faculty of political economy in the world's history," as John R. Commons put it, the Supreme Court invalidated limitations on business, while ignoring subsidies to it, and issued decisions that enabled business to co-opt the very agencies that were set up to regulate.

The antitrust laws are a prime example, the Interstate Commerce Commission another. Under the former, bigness in business was held not to be a violation without an intent to monopolize; more, the "rule of reason" was early-on read into the Sherman Act, thus watering down its strict terms and permitting the Court to say what is reasonable. As for the ICC, its history is a classic instance of how the regulators in government become protectors of the regulated. It illustrates the prescience of Richard Olney, President Cleveland's Attorney General, who advised a friend, the president of a railroad, not to try to get the ICC abolished or declared unconstitutional. "The part of wisdom," said Olney, was to use the ICC for railroad purposes; by not getting it eliminated, the Commission helped to still public clamor for regulation, while simultaneously not harming the railroads.

To speak of corporativism, of course, is to raise the specter of Italy under Mussolini, of Franco's Spain, and other nondemocratic nations. But it is also to recall the short-lived National Industrial Recovery Act, one of the earlier New Deal efforts, a Congressional attempt to engraft a form of corporatist political economy on the United States. Although struck down by the Supreme Court (on technical grounds), its principle stuck: the corporate state, American style, is not being created by fiat but by the myriad routine transactions that occur between public government and the instruments of private governance.

Public government is used to achieve private—read "group"—ends, whether it be for the farmers, veterans, unions or the corporations. It is in this connection that the David Horowitz volume neatly supplements Barber's presentation. Horowitz, an editor of *Ramparts*, has collected six essays by others and added an introduction to set forth the thesis that the super-corporations have been the main influence over American foreign policy in the past few decades. All the authors, most of whom are academics, belong to that amorphous group known as "leftists"; theirs is a position of economic determinism.

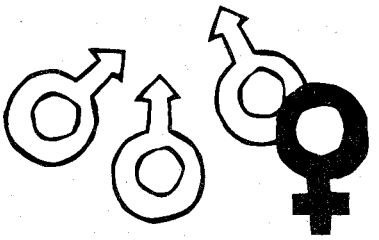
American foreign policy, it is maintained, reflects the desires of the "corporate rich," or what G. William Domhoff, in one of the essays, insists on calling, after C. Wright Mills, the power elite or the governing class. Domhoff asserts that "American foreign policy during the postwar era was initiated, planned, and carried out by the richest, most powerful, and most internationally minded owners and managers of major corporations and financial institutions." Professor Domhoff is backed up by the other contributors.

One essay may be singled out for particular mention—Charles E. Nathanson's brief description of the "militarization of the American economy." Nathanson maintains that "every major sector of American manufacturing has become deeply militarized in the course of the Cold War"—a contention that echoes Richard Barnet's recently published *The Economy of Death* [reviewed in *The Nation*, February 16]. If he is correct, then it will be difficult indeed—perhaps impossible, as Bernard Nossiter of *The Washington Post* said a year or so ago —for American industry to wrench itself away from an economy of destruction to one of peace.

Much of this necessarily has to be based on speculation. Data about the details of government-business relations are seldom revealed. Accordingly, if Barber errs on the side of all description and little analysis, then Horowitz and his collaborators tend to be all conclusion and few hard facts. This is not to disparage them, for those facts are simply not available in anywhere near the amount required. One can make informed guesses, and one hears juicy stories, but documenting an intuitive conclusion is difficult.

Perhaps, however, intuition and some educated speculation, based on data, is enough. A recent statement by Nicholas Johnson, the controversial member of the Federal Communications Commission, is relevant: "I think basically you have to start with a realization that the country is principally run by big business for the rich. Maybe you have to live in Washington to know that and maybe everyone in the country knows it intuitively, I don't know, but a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, has become, I think, a government of the people, certainly, but by the corporations and for the rich."

That position may be too facile, too easy; many of the complexities of economics and politics are not taken into account. Even so, if Horowitz et al., and Johnson are at least partially accurate, this does not appear to trouble the silent majority. Apparently Mencken's "great unwashed" like the material comforts brought by corporativism without worrying about where they come from or at what cost. That expense could be high, as Barber intimates. What is left of human freedom may be slowly ebbing away, as a technical elite takes over and makes decisions. That there is a technocratic elite can scarcely be gain-



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REPTILES

Lizards have small
leather hearts.
The eyes of newts
are balls or twine
wound tight.
Snakes are made
by braiding hair
in water, the child
snake gathers needles
for his teeth.
Dragons have no bones
and float like cobwebs
in the wind.
The salamander sleeps in fire,
in the warm odor
of wet moss and sulphur,
peeling skin.
Each tortoise carries
a single word
of the Qlippoth Kabbala
woven into his shell,
mounts stones at times,
in his mistaken love.

Howard McCord

said, but it is one that is not itself monolithic. Rather, these "new men of power" tend to identify with sources of wealth and prestige; they are, as Jean Meynaud and Loren Baritz have said, servants of power. Ultimate strength rests where it has always been in this country—in an aristocracy of wealth, an aristocracy that is now largely hereditary as well.

American business has not only become dominated by the corporate behemoths; it has also gone global, or as Howard Perlmutter puts it, "geo-centric." To some—for example, Arthur Barber of the Institute for Politics and Planning in Washington—this means that the world corporation will challenge and perhaps surmount the nation-state. That, however, is less likely than a continuing fusion of economic and political power into variations on several corporatist themes. Already the corporation exercises economic sovereignty in world affairs; it governs its part of the world community better than the nations (as Adolf Berle said years ago). But the two institutions both need and want each other, and the probability is that both will remain—in façade, at least. The spotted actuality will doubtless be quite different.

These books, then, are desirable, perhaps essential, reading for an understanding of the emerging constitutional order. Although far from definitive, they help fill a large gap in our knowledge of the two characteristic entities of the age—big government and big business. Corporations, as Adam Smith maintained, may not really be necessary "to the better government of the trade," but surely that is an academic question for they will not be abolished. The beginnings of a substantial literature of protest against them, of which these books are representative, may have some long-range effects in ameliorating what could well be repressive tendencies in the merger of economic and political power. We would do well to heed this movement, for it questions the capacity of government to govern adequately, as well as the merit of the many "private," "voluntary" associations (of which the corporations are the most important) in America. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Frank Stella retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art is a well-lit and well-presented array of what the Jewish Museum recently called "beautiful painting," but, to be candid, the painters nominated for this quality are wiped out by Stella. It is a pleasure to see his works for ten years; they are so nicely painted, steady in their large emphases, properly blunt in the details. There is persistent agreement of the paint and the problem, of handling and format, in comparison with which a great deal of Abstract painting is gross and approximate. The development of his work is stable, each new move a logical extension of work done, but not a repetition of previous images. The succession of Stella's phases through blocks of black, aluminum and copper paintings, and so on, is exceedingly coherent.

The show is a highly evolved example of the orthodoxy of American art, a term that I defined as distinct from academism in *The Nation* (November 24, 1969) as "the working group that knows a subject best, whether it is electronics or acrylic paints. It is the professional group that sets, by its achievement, the level of knowledge and the direction of research in its field." Throughout the 1960s Stella was pivotal in just that way, the representative problem solver of his generation who, through a combination of toughness and sobriety, brought one aspect of Abstract painting to its greatest accomplishment.

William Rubin, who arranged the exhibition, reveals an accurate eye for Stella's skills. His judgment of the pacing of bands of metal paint and of the interplay of glowing color is excellent and accurately isolates the best works in each phase. In fact, his reliance on a connoisseurship of the individual work constitutes the show's one serious weakness. In his catalogue, copiously detailed but not trivial, Rubin notes that "the metamorphosis of a central idea in a single painting" is in effect displaced by Stella and embodied "in a group of pictures constituting a series." This is especially true of the multi-color asymmetrical paintings of 1965 and after, but Rubin conceals the rather relentless permutations of later Stella.

He does this in order to magnify comparisons of Stella with Matisse on the basis of their mutual grasp of "decorative high art." Stella's custom of working in homogeneous groups, gallery-size (Rubin identifies sets of paintings by which gallery showed them), has its good as well as its expedient side. The monotony and overemphasis of basically similar outlines with color variations have an astringency which any single sample of the set is likely to lack. Rubin's choice, however, has been in terms of one picture at a time; even the few examples of the late permutations which got into the show are widely separated in the installation.

Stella's work reveals the capacity to create quickly and to conceive of the paintings in manageable units or phases which stand as the answers to formal problems. Morris Louis was also a prolific artist, whose work has this same sense of necessary succession. Four big

THE CONVERSATION

(for Isabella Gardner)

Set diagonally across a room from me
you are on the phone long-distance
arranging things to do with lectures.
Apologizing for the long conversation
because you have invited our meeting.
I am handling a magazine's pages idly
in reading poems, or pretending to read
and surrounded by the familiar timbre
of your voice in its low modulations
(you are speaking to Boston in Boston's
particular accent, concerning Boston).
Your crystalline rocks, chrysanthemums
and jars, Louis' paintings, all echo
jars, rocks, friends' work in my rooms
set stories below in this building.
I stare and sigh through air's light
until all past lives, friends, marriages
wave out like banners in this pale room
behind these two women set diagonally.
A semaphore requiring no translation.
The conversation begins at the center.

Carol Bergé

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new unexhibited paintings by Louis are on view at the Whitney Museum, "Omega" I-IV, dated 1959-60. They are, to quote the catalogue, from the stack of "over 400 pictures" found after the artist's death. I was glad to see this number publicly acknowledged because when I arranged a Morris Louis memorial show in 1963, the lawyers for the estate objected to the precise quantity being revealed. Louis was at that time being sold on the basis of scarcity, which his patchy exhibiting history made plausible. Now, however, he has an old master's abundance bestowed on him, rightly, for he was tireless in work. In the new paintings soft tusks of paint run inward from two sides of the canvas, their points overlapping, or failing to touch, in a central zone. The forms fall between the liquid flood of Louis' earlier "veil" paintings and the starkly isolated bars of bright color in the later "unfurled" paintings.

Robert Morris, like Stella, has been an artist of great consequence to other artists; when Stella switched from symmetrical monochromes to cheerfully colored, bizarrely shaped canvases, when Morris went from solid to soft in his sculpture, conferences ensued. Stella's reputation is equivalent among artists and public, but Morris' reputation is split. He is primarily known as a sculptor of minimal forms, big, bleak and gray. The exhibition at the Green Gallery in 1964 launched this reputation and subsequent museum shows, such as "Primary Structures," 1966, and "American Sculpture of the 60s," 1967, confirmed it. At this time he and Donald Judd were regarded as tied for minimal master, and the association with Judd lessened recognition of Morris' complexities. His pre-minimal works are ironic, frustrating objects and boxes and include a description for a musical piece published in *An Anthology*, a rare *avant-garde* book produced in 1961 by Fluxus, an experimental, multi-media group of artists. Morris' contribution posits independent dance movement and lighting system, and independent tape and live performers, the whole accepting the "separateness" of the media.

It is necessary, therefore, to re-evaluate the geometric period of Morris and relate it to his wide-ranging activity rather than assume he has gone from geometry to anti-form or randomness. In the exhibition at the Whitney Museum one of the things that Morris is doing, and brilliantly, is exploit the affluence of his new position. Many American artists become famous and, more or less, rich, but few of them figure out how to exercise the power that comes with prestige in terms of creating art. Morris, to his credit, has done just that. Having been given the Whitney for his show, Morris used it to get materials and use them in a way that needs museum space (the big third-floor gallery) and money. Here is Morris' description of the technical limits of the work: "Door sizes, elevator capacities, and floor loads limited the sizes and weights of materials that could be brought into the museum."

Into the museum he brought immense concrete blocks, 2-inch-thick steel plates (rusty), and eighty or so wooden beams. Then workmen with construction equipment moved these vast counters around under Morris' direction (and, according to rumor, cracked the floor). Wooden beams are piled for 50 feet and a pile-up of timber, concrete blocks and steel stretches for 96 feet. In the geometric sculpture Morris had an odd feeling for objects as an intermediary between body and room; a kind of alienating empathy. At the Whitney he has brought the forms of organization that we associate with outdoors—domino falls, like timber in a crowded forest, mine-shoring, bomb damage, construction sites, railroad ties stacked for re-use—and given them a roof. The wrench between our expectation of indoor scale and the fact of tremendous weight and size is extraordinary. The visitor feels like one of those shrunken figures in a Piranesi of the ruins of Rome, as he looks for a point of overview—which Morris denies, in order to keep your nose in the materials. This exhibition shows how small ordinary big sculpture is. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The second film of Nico Papatakis is *Thanos and Despina* (his first was *Les Abysses*; he was also co-producer of John Cassevetes' *Shadows*). It concerns the crisis that may well occur when old men undertake to dispose of the lives of their children, employing the devices of bluff, barter and community prestige that have won them comparative wealth and almost complete power. It is not a new theme—either for tragedy or comedy—but neither can I remember a work that has used it to convey terror and triumph in quite the terms established here.

Papatakis was born in Ethiopia of a Greek colonist father and an Ethiopian mother. He fought against Mussolini, was exiled and went to Athens in his late teens. I am chary of psychoanalyzing artists, but it is possible that his status as an "almost Greek" permits him to look on the people of that country with a pride mixed with rage that a native could not sustain. He lashes them and thus reveals their strength.

The scene of the film is a town not far from Salonika, whose livelihood is based on the flocks of sheep and goats grazing on the arid hills above. The peasants are poor to the edge of starvation; the owners, in dark suits and city hats, feint and deal in the coffee shop. Their houses, in Eastern fashion, are serene and closed to the world, their women in seclusion. The Greek Orthodox Church is superimposed on their society, an authority of frozen ritual, evoking superstition rather than piety. This is a society in which pride is inherited from a tradition of heroes, but no heroes have been seen here for generations.

Except Thanos (George Dialegmenos), the least regarded of the shepherds, the despised son of a despised father, a man so feckless that he emigrated to Germany and came home as poor as he left. Despina (Olga Carlatos, the wife of the director) is the daughter of the richest man and he intends to sell her dear. A marriage is brokered and arranged, the

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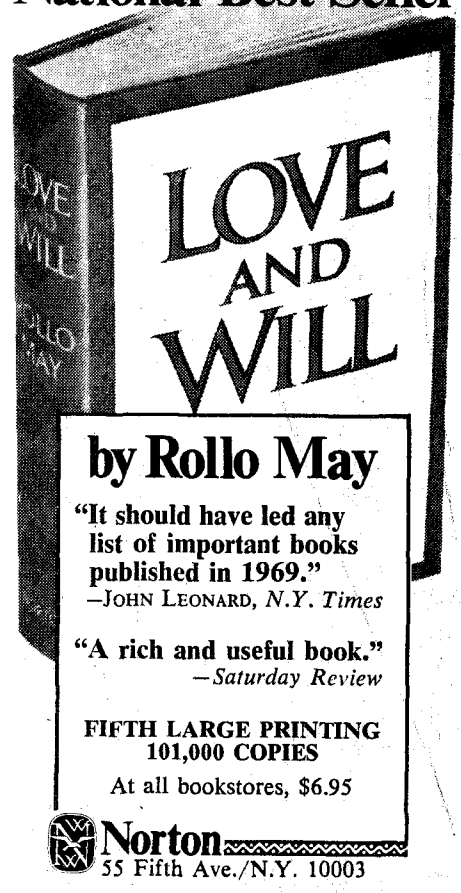

by Rollo May

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young whisper their grateful compliance; it looks like a case of domestic brutality at a moment when official brutality seizes the ancient land: the iron, myopic ambition of the fathers parallels the brazen paternalism of the junta; and just at the end, when the fathers are closing in, the radio carries the voices of tyranny returning to Athens.

But if Papatakis was predicting the colonels (he had to rush the last few days of shooting and get his film out of of the country), he was also recalling the Olympian gods. They seem close to this picture; in particular, they bestow upon some of its company the glory of madness. The mother of Thanos is a fury, a ribald witch on donkey back, and the boy himself is as wily as Odysseus in adversity. Crying, weeping, debasing himself in a hysteria that mocks his tormentors, he prepares for himself and Despina a triumph that only madness could invent and that death makes absolute. Dropping his goatherd guise he stands forth as king of the tinhorn traveling men, with a cigar in his mouth, a straw hat on his head and a cheap valise on his back. Whipping her legs, laughing at her whimpering rage, he drives Despina to their summit. All the god-possessed Greek heroes were traveling men, and up there on top of the rocks, with the police marksmen closing in, Thanos reaches across millennia. In the valley below, the black-kerchiefed women scream, while the villagers fly kites, roast lamb and dance on the hard turf.

Thanos and Despina is a film of gods and a hero, chorus, doom and catharsis. It is brutal but antic; funniest when it is most appalling. It celebrates virility, honors courage and destroys fools. It is a work of enraged compassion, surprising to modern eyes because we do not expect to encounter Greek tragedy at this short range. Nor had we realized how Greek the Greeks have remained these many centuries. □

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RECORDS / David Hamilton

STRAVINSKY: *Abraham and Isaac;* Variations; *Introitus; Requiem Canticles.* Various performers; Robert Craft and Igor Stravinsky, conds. Columbia MS 7386. $5.98.

These works, which comprise the major part of Stravinsky's production since his eightieth birthday, were discussed at some length on the occasions of their first local performances by Benjamin Boretz (*The Nation,* January 11, 1965; October 31, 1966). The recordings, some of them made more than three years ago, are long overdue, and far from the standard one would expect for works of this importance; given the intense concentration of all this music, ostensibly "minor" flaws may easily assume the proportions of major disasters. The Variations come off rather well, thanks to a brilliant orchestra (it is the same ensemble of free-lance players from New York that presented the October 1966 concert in Princeton), but there are serious flaws of recording balance in the two choral works, and the soloist in *Abraham and Isaac* achieves accuracy only at the cost of considerable stiffness.

I mention these points not only because they impair perception of the music (although not to the extent that the record should be avoided by anyone interested in the composer's ever fascinating invention) but because they are palpable evidence of the low rank that documentation holds in the present state of the recording industry. The obvious importance of composer-conducted or supervised recordings (on the present disc, Stravinsky conducts only the *Introitus,* and did not attend the other sessions, although he assisted in the preparation of the performances that preceded these recordings) has long been implicit in the advertising for such records, but lapses in quality such as are here audible hardly testify to the serious intentions of the sponsors.

HINDEMITH: *Cardillac.* Soloists, Cologne Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra; Joseph Keilberth, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139435/6. $11.96 (two discs).

Hindemith's musico-dramatic idea in this opera—the equation of textural activity with dramatic tension, in a framework of more or less discrete "numbers"—is not perhaps sophisticated, but it is remarkably effective at a "gut" level, not least because of the quality of craftsmanship almost continuously evident. It is, in a sense, a stunt, as Hindemith himself implied when he later revised the opera (this recording is of the original version), but the variety of polyphonic invention is truly imposing, and the action an interesting challenge for an ingenious director. The recorded performance, from a German radio broadcast, is somewhat literal; among the singers, some of whom might best be described as painfully accurate, Fischer-Dieskau's imposing projection of the title role stands out.

Some reissues of importance:

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 9. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 2548701. $4.98 ("electronic stereo").

CHOPIN: Piano Sonata No. 3; other works. Dinu Lipatti, piano. Odyssey 32 16 0369. $2.98 (mono only).

SCHOENBERG: Variations for Orchestra. Southwest German Radio Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Variations on a Recitative. Gerd Zacher, organ. Heliodor 2549008. $4.98.

RECITAL: Emanuel Feuermann, cello. RCA Victrola VIC-1476. $2.98 (mono only).

RECITAL: Severino Gazzelloni, flute (20th century). Heliodor 2549002. $4.98.

RECITAL: Eleanor Steber, soprano (Mozart arias). Odyssey 32 16 0363. $2.98 (mono only). □

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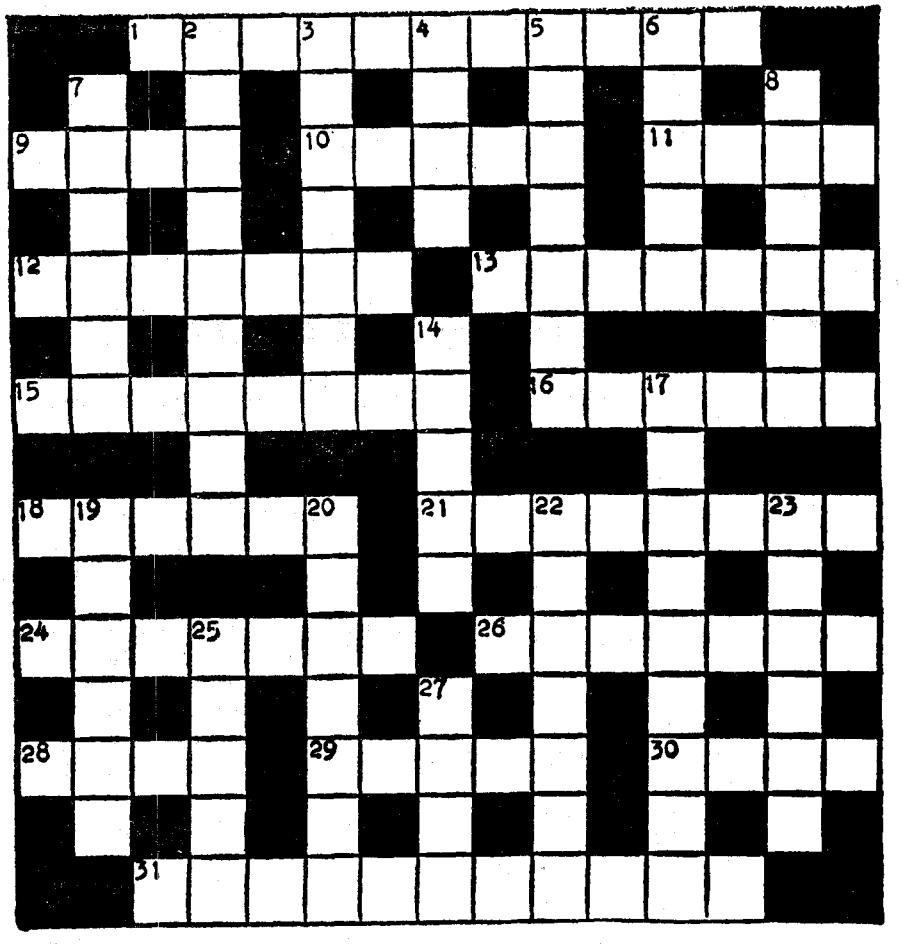

ACROSS

1 and 15 As a prudent entrepreneur, you should. (4,4,3,8)
9 and 10 Incomplete range of the bird? (9)
11 Aims sometimes associated with 4 down. (4)
12 Foreign and American might be examples of the sort losing "E". (7)
13 Having stanch purpose. (7)
15 See 1 across
16 Made thin bark? (6)
18 With good prospects, possibly. (6)
21 Head of state, perhaps. (8)
24 Do pen lighters have more than one kind? (7)
26 Evidence of humor being somewhat suppressed, if you do? (7)
28 See 20 down
29 Kirschwasser has it, but it sounds indeterminate. (5)
30 Cold dice, however shaken. (4)
31 One of those funny bicyclists, suggesting the air out west? (5,6)

DOWN

2 Certainly not out the cost of education, as an immediate cognition. (9)
3 Is greed an unusual way to unsettle the reason? (7)
4 They might be favorable, but may be left over with 11. (4)
5 Is one of the problems of astronauts getting into the competition again? (7)
6 Washington capital to give assistance to the very young (probably inhuman)! (5)
7 A good dessert might give entry to the French. (6)
8 Have a wonderful regard for what Madison Avenue sometimes seems to get bogged down with! (6)
14 If it's proper, one might not approve of barbarism, though we take time to make it. (5)
17 Is opal a rich setting, taking the narrow view? (9)
19 One isn't normally endowed with the contents of secret intelligence. (6)
20 and 28 across Remembers what one does in phoning the baby-sitter? (5,2,4)
22 Given at the exchange for port production, possibly. (7)
23 It might be a good lead, but only one per shuffle. (6)
25 This man used to be in the shipping trade. (5)
27 Third-rate performance? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1343

ACROSS: 4 and 1 Indian clubs; 11 Problem; 12 Yangtze; 13 Despaired; 14 Hegel; 15 On the contrary; 17 Rain-in-the-face; 22 Morel; 24 As written; 25 Tinfoil; 26 Oshkosh; 27 Socked; 28 Nyasa. DOWN: 2 Looks on; 3 Baldachin; 5 Ninth; 6 Integer; 7 Needle; 8 Spade; 9 American eagle; 10 Dyed-in-the-wool; 16 Raffishly; 18 Aaronic; 19 Cottons; 20 Smiths; 21 and 23 On the loose.

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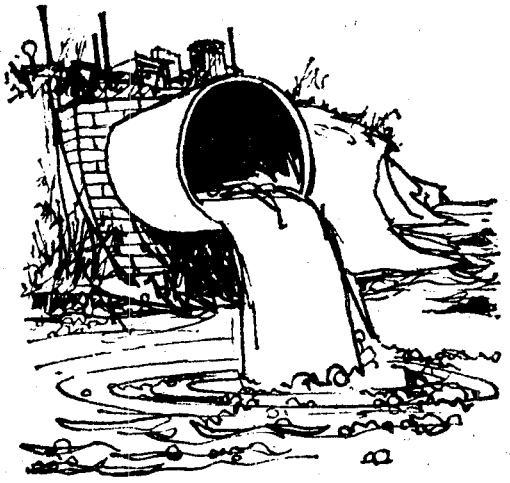

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